

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly?
Ask for My Magazine: Edited by Arthur Mee

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*Number 337 Week Ending
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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AN HOUR ON THE TOP OF CANADA

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MAN OVERBOARD

A NEW STORY OF THE WAR

**The Patriot who Betrayed His
Country by Dying for Her**

DEAD MEN TELL TALES

The war is not yet over, and its history is not yet finished. Another secret has leaked out—a strange and vivid story concerning the sinking of the German cruiser Magdeburg, and it has been told by a man who was on the spot and saw the event himself.

The Magdeburg, cruising off the Esthonian coast, struck a mine and drifted helplessly on to a sand bank. Russian warships were chasing her and opened fire pretty heavily. Between the sand bank and the enemy shells the Magdeburg was hard put to it.

There was no hope of escape, for the ground held her like a vice, and the Russians were pressing their advantage. She surrendered, and the crew prepared to leave the doomed vessel.

The Patriot

The Russian ships were standing by, and little that passed on board the cruiser was missed. Then it happened that the watching eyes saw a strange thing. A German officer quietly, deliberately, jumped overboard. The Russians knew the German officers were watching, and they were careful to appear as if they had noticed nothing.

As soon as the captured crew was safely out of the way, two divers went down off the Russian vessel. They made for that precious square yard and groped about on the sea floor until they found the body of the German officer. They brought him up and searched his body. The Russian officers knew what to look for and they found it. Strapped to the body were several secret codes for the use of the German navy, enclosed in very heavily weighted covers.

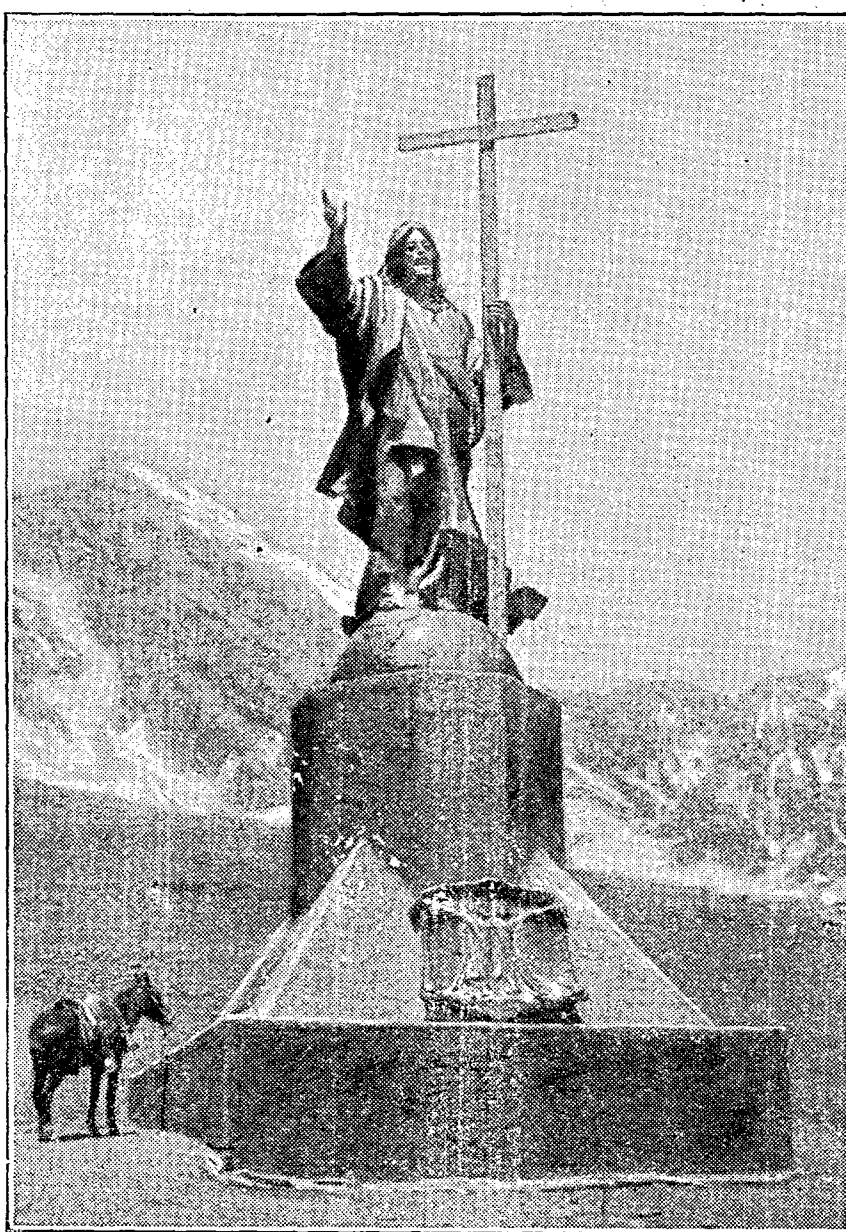
The Secret Code

The Russians gave back to the deep the body of the man who had made the ultimate surrender for his country's sake, and with joy unspeakable pored over the secret codes. No one knew of this event save the Russian Naval Command and our own. A copy of the codes was hastily made and sent to the British Admiralty.

Time went on. Tests were made, and it was clear the German Naval Command was still using the same code, obviously not dreaming of the possibility that dead men could tell tales. The great battle of Jutland came and went, and only those in authority knew the difference made by the knowledge of those codes dragged up from the sea.

The man who would have suffered most at the disclosure was the officer who had carried the codes, as he thought, into safe keeping. But he was lying fathoms deep, at rest

A Famous Peace Monument



This famous statue, known as the Christ of the Andes, which is being visited by the Prince of Wales, stands on the border line between Chile and Argentina, and is a monument to the peaceful settlement of a long boundary dispute between those countries. The statue is soon to be replaced by a finer and more elaborate monument

WHAT WE HAVE ESCAPED

The appalling truth about the good old days that ignorant people wish to have back again was seen in The Times the other day, when this terrible paragraph was quoted from The Times of a hundred years ago. We give it so that every C.N. reader should know what the children of England have escaped from.

THE public will have read with compassion, not unmingled with indignation, the report contained in yesterday's Times of a trial in which a certain Mr. Banks was prosecutor, and in which two miserable children of 12 and 14 were charged by him with a criminal conspiracy to set his house on fire. The facts which came out in the course of the trial are appalling.

Here are 65 poor infants chained down to the stooping, sickly position of the tambour frame, for twelve whole hours, six days in every week, from half-past

five in the morning, winter and summer, when these little creatures, many of them not above nine years old, are compelled to leave their beds, until half-past seven in the evening.

Manufactures are good, no doubt, in their way; so are riches. We do not mean to disparage the enormous produce of human industry, which is annually, nay, hourly, sent forth from the workshops of England, but every artificial benefit may be bought too dear.

In our judgment eight hours a day of sedentary employment ought to be the maximum allowed by a considerate legislature for infants under 16; and if the effect of such a regulation were to banish ill-paid and unhealthy manufactures from the kingdom, human nature would have reason to bless the authors of so beneficent a reform.

FIVE BANGLES AND WHAT THEY MEAN

MAN AND THE ANT

**The Only Slave-Owners in the
Animal Kingdom**

TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO IN AFRICA

In the great terraced ruins at Inyanga, Southern Rhodesia, one of the most ancient relics of man's handicraft ever discovered in Africa, has just been brought to light.

It was an urn, buried ten feet deep in soil, which had been borne to this place by water, and in the urn were five thick copper bangles.

The urn crumbled into dust upon exposure to the air, but the bangles are grimly tenacious. It is believed that they were, ten thousand years ago, the fetters by which the legs of slaves were held. It is supposed that they were taken off and stored, ready for further use, when the poor slaves died.

If this is correct, then we have the curious and saddening fact that this proof of the immense antiquity of industrial art in Africa is proof also of man's inhumanity to man a hundred centuries before Livingstone lifted up his voice against exactly the same conditions in the same continent.

A Distressing Truth

It is a strange and distressing truth that only in two instances throughout the animal kingdom, and those the very highest, do we find slave-making. One is in the ant tribe, perhaps the most exceptionally endowed of all the insects; the other is in the case of man himself.

Slavery excited no horror in the minds of good men of Old Testament days; and in Athens, in the most glorious period of the Athenian Republic, the era of Pericles, there were four hundred thousand slaves to do the bidding of twenty thousand free citizens. Even to-day in our churches we repeat the prayer "for all prisoners and captives," uttered with such special significance during the long ages when African pirates traded in the flesh and blood of Europeans captured from ships and coast towns.

And, so it seems, the same vile practices were in vogue ten thousand years ago in Africa among the unknown men who could mould metal into fetters.

STOLEN CARS

Ten Missing Every Week

It is surprising to learn that over five hundred motor vehicles were stolen in Great Britain last year, but it is good to know that 350 were recovered. Over 160,000 articles were left in public carriages, and about sixty thousand of them were restored to their owners. Large numbers are left unclaimed.

THE PACT

THREE NATIONS TRYING TO AGREE

The Possible Road to European Peace

SOME THORNY QUESTIONS

The Pact of Peace between France and Germany cannot be easily or quickly arranged, but the negotiations are going on faster after the talks which M. Briand, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has had with Mr. Chamberlain about it.

First of all they agreed that there is to be no attempt to force a cut-and-dried scheme on Germany. She is to be given an equal share with the Allies in hammering out details.

One thing France wanted us to agree to at once was that in case of serious aggression by Germany we would go to France's assistance without discussion or arbitration. Mr. Chamberlain agreed that it was possible for an act of aggression to be so flagrant that no question of arbitration could arise and immediate action would be imperative, but he insisted that Britain must judge this for herself, and must be free to consult the League of Nations.

Sauce for the Goose

It has to be remembered that in this Pact sauce for the goose will be sauce for the gander every time. That is to say, any action by Germany justifying us in going to the aid of France would require us to go to Germany's aid if taken by France. That is what is meant by saying that the Pact is two-sided, or bi-lateral, as the politicians say.

There is one point on which Britain and France have not been able to agree, but which will have to be thrashed out with Germany. That is the claim of France to be allowed to cross the Rhineland territory, where no German soldiers are allowed, if her Eastern Allies are at war and want her aid. It seems to the British Government that, in an equal treaty, we cannot agree that France shall be allowed to send her soldiers across German territory which Germany's own soldiers are forbidden to use.

YOUTH OF MANY NATIONS

A Little Conference of Peace

Never were there so many youth movements in the world as now. Many of them have for their aim the abolition of war, and one conference with this end in view has just been held at Charente, near Paris.

Over a hundred young people, representing many countries, met together to consider the problems of war and peace, and to discuss such subjects as the value of the League of Nations and the necessity for adopting a common language.

A happy little incident took place towards the end of the conference, when it leaked out that it was the twenty-first birthday of one of the English youths, Lester Smith, B.Sc. After he had been chaired round the camp, with each nationality singing its equivalent of "He's a jolly good fellow," the president of the Conference, Dr. Demarquette, pointed out that in France the coming of age of a youth brought a touch of sadness to the family, for it meant that he would soon have to leave home and become a soldier; but he hoped that for a young Englishman it meant a dedication to a life, not of military service, but of the service of peace.

SCOUTS IN THE ALPS

A Great Height in a Blizzard

HOW TO SEE THE WORLD

The Rovering and Boy Scout movement has had a fine extension this summer. The Scouts have been tackling mountaineering.

Twenty Rovers and Scouts, mostly from Southall in Middlesex, have made an arduous expedition in Switzerland involving two passages over the Pennine Alps, the most rugged and difficult region in Europe. Under the experienced leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchison, D.S.O., they achieved a notable feat in climbing the Breithorn, which is nearly 13,700 feet high, only about a thousand feet less than the famous Matterhorn.

A climb such as this demands the greatest endurance, and even experienced mountaineers suffer from intense fatigue in forcing their way through the soft snow. None of the Scouts had done any climbing before, so that it was hard luck for them, on reaching the summit, to be assailed by a furious blizzard, through which they had to fight their way down. When three of the boys fainted through exhaustion, their comrades came to their help and got them down safely.

It has been quite a new experience for the Scouts, and they have proved equal to it. Too much praise cannot be given to such examples of real travel, always provided there is experienced guidance and control.

Picture on page 12

THE FILM NOBODY WANTS

Not to be Shown

The American film so widely advertised on its arrival in this country, when it was escorted by the improper use of British troops, has been withdrawn from British screens and is not to be shown at all in Great Britain.

The British film exhibitors had already banned the picture themselves, on account of the great public indignation aroused by the vulgar impudence of its publicity agents, before the American producer had decided to withdraw it from circulation.

It is satisfactory to see that vulgar advertising methods have so completely failed in this case, and the incident has provided a notable example of the power of public opinion.

A PALTRY FIVE-POUND NOTE

How Not to Stop Cruelty

Mr. Stephen Coleridge calls attention to a matter of great importance in this note.

John Curtis was found guilty at Croydon Police Court of leaving a dog on July 13, during the heat wave, in a shed with no food, no water, and no bedding. A veterinary surgeon said the dog was unable to stand, and was gasping for breath.

The Chairman of the Bench said that "the treatment of a helpless animal in such a way by anyone pretending to call himself a man almost put the offender outside the ken of civilisation," and then fined this man £5.

These paltry fines for utterly heartless cruelty are the despair of all who are labouring to protect animals from monsters "outside the ken of civilisation."

LIBERALISM IN CANADA

Following on the heavy defeat of the Liberal Government in Nova Scotia, the Liberal Government in New Brunswick has now fallen, and it is expected that the Canadian Federal Parliament will shortly be dissolved.

KNOWLEDGE GROWS FROM MORE TO MORE

WHAT SCIENCE IS SAYING

The British Association Meets at Southampton

COUNTRY CHILD AND TOWN CHILD

At Southampton, where the British Association is meeting, science is discussing many things in Heaven and Earth, and in the waters beneath the Earth. Professor Horace Lamb, the mathematical President, set the springs of knowledge flowing.

Among the tributary springs were those of Sir Napier Shaw, who explained how certain states of the atmosphere, when it was filled with moisture, acted like triggers to pull down a downpour; and of Dr. J. W. Evans, who asked whether it was possible for continents like America and Europe to be slowly drifting apart on the waves of the Atlantic, while other continents may be drifting closer.

A Prehistoric Harbour

Mr. Marshall warned the Southern Counties against their growing colonies of mosquitoes. Colonel Jack told how the Ordnance Survey is still mapping England, and Mr. Sumner spoke of the prehistoric earthworks in the New Forest which the Survey helps to find. He described a prehistoric harbour on the coast which dealt with the Phoenicians before the Saxons came, or even before the Romans.

An older civilisation still is described by Professor Flinders Petrie for the Badarians of whom he speaks may have lived 14,000 years ago!

Mr. H. Binns described how the wool-workers of Yorkshire learn to tell their materials by touch. Dr. Shrubbsall declared that while in former years the country child was of better physique than the town child, because he had sounder food and fresh air, nowadays the town child had improved out of all proportion because he was fed better. The country sends its butter to the town, while the country child lives on margarine! Give the town child open air and good food, and no harm will come to him.

ROUND EUROPE IN THREE DAYS

Five Minutes Late in Paris

"Sorry I'm five minutes late," said the French airman as he stepped out in Paris where he had glided from the sky.

He was the first man to short-circuit Europe in three days, and was a little disturbed to find that he had taken five minutes more than schedule time.

There were, in fact, two of him, Captain Arrachart and M. Carol, though it was the captain who offered the apology for unpunctuality. Imagine a traveller being five minutes late when he had taken in Constantinople, Moscow, and Copenhagen on the run.

The two had set out from Paris to Turin, crossing the Alps to begin with, but instead of stopping in sight of those snowy peaks, or beneath the wind-swept Apennines, they went straight on to Belgrade, covering 1,400 miles in twelve hours.

By the Blue Danube they rested before heading for Constantinople and the Golden Horn. They halted three hours in Bukarest, the hospitable capital of Rumania. Then they reached Moscow in eight and a half hours. The Bolsheviks welcomed them, but made no effort to keep them, so they struck south to Warsaw on the Vistula. From Poland to Copenhagen their plane flew like an arrow, and when they returned to Paris five minutes late they had traversed every country on the Continent that went to war.

THINGS SAID

THE WHITE LINE OF SAFETY

The Source of the World's Troubles Today

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN

The only thing that counts is work.

American Secretary for Labour.

For me the labourer is an aristocrat.

The Kaiser.

The White Line is to motoring what the Plimsoll Line is to the Mercantile Marine, and it will lessen the toll of the road as the Plimsoll Line lessened the toll of the sea.

Mr. J. A. R. Cairns

We have given the world Parliament, Shakespeare, and the steam engine, but we have taken at least an equivalent amount in return.

Mr. W. Hugh Jones

I shall make Great Britain and America a gentleman's offer for the settlement of our war debts.

M. Caillaux

It is extraordinary that nobody is ever taught to speak well. At eighteen young people should be able to stand up in public without fear of nervousness.

Mr. Henry Ainley

Why be put off with the fallible opinions of another when you are as capable as he is of forming fallible opinions of your own?

Mr. St. John Ervine

The source of our ills today is not an economic device called Capitalism, but the spirit of anti-Christ.

Bishop Barnes

I am convinced that when a song has a big and lasting success it must have been written sincerely.

Sir Landon Ronald

The Suez Canal is no longer a vital artery of the British Empire.

General Maurice

It is a relief to get away from cruisers and coal to cattle and cheese.

Mr. Bridgeman

In the present position of the country the limitation of output is treason.

Lord Salisbury

When I am a man I shall buy you that, Mother. A small boy looking at a bright new saucepan in a shop

The modern young man thinks he can learn all about everything from conversation. My advice to him is to read, read, read.

Sir Edmund Gosse

WILL THEY BELIEVE IT AT HOME?

Sudanese in the "Big Village"

What must it be like to see London for the first time after living in the Sudan all one's life?

Eight of the greatest chiefs of the Sudan have come to England to see the sights. They are grave and dignified people, who would think it childish to show excitement or surprise at home; but England, especially London, has been too much for them. They are lost in amazement.

As the train from Dover rushed through the miles of suburbs into Victoria they exclaimed excitedly, "This is the Big Village! We are enraptured by everything!" When all the sight-seeing is over, and they return to their native haunts, what traveller's tales they will tell! And how much of it all, true as it is, will be believed?

100 PICTURES FOR TWOPENCE

There are more than one hundred pictures in this week's issue of the Children's Pictorial.

Thrilling adventures, scenes at home and in other lands, engineering wonders, puzzles, hints, and tricks are a few of the subjects. There is also a splendid optical illusion toy that may be cut out and made up.

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14,000 MILES BY CAR FROM ALGERIA TO THE CAPE

Plucky Journey of a French
Captain and His Wife

THE CAR IN THE RIVER

Captain Delingette and his wife, who lately accomplished the feat of crossing Africa from Algeria to Cape Town in a six-wheeled motor-car, with a mechanic as their only help, have now returned to Paris, where they were received with enthusiasm.

The story of their journey is one of extraordinary pluck and endurance, and Madame Delingette is rightly called one of the pioneers of exploration.

The run across the Sahara occupied about ten days, and was comparatively uneventful, but serious trouble began when they reached the swampy region of equatorial Africa. Rivers had to be crossed, sometimes on rafts. Mountains, including the formidable Ruwenzori, had to be climbed, and trackless wastes seamed with watercourses made progress very slow; at one time 15 miles a day was all that could be covered.

Stuck in the Mud

Here is Captain Delingette's story of some of the difficulties. At one point they had to cross land recently flooded. The soil was black, sticky clay, which clogged the wheels, making progress impossible. The travellers worked till late at night trying to clear away the clay, which had made the wheels and the body of the car a solid mass; and then sought sleep on an islet infested with mosquitoes.

The next morning they managed to clear the car and make some progress.

The crossing of the Kasinga River nearly involved disaster. Captain Delingette forded the stream, and, finding the water shallow and the sandy bottom apparently safe, decided to drive the car across. All went well until they neared the farther bank, when the rear-wheels sank. They managed to secure it to a tree on the bank and for twelve hours they worked in two feet of water, before they could proceed.

So, day by day, the little party faced their difficulties, refusing to be daunted, and at last won their way through to Lake Victoria and British territory. Their goal was still far off, but the worst of the way had been covered, and they reached Cape Town last June in triumph, after an exhausting and perilous journey of over 14,000 miles, which occupied seven months.

THE SINGER IN THE MINE

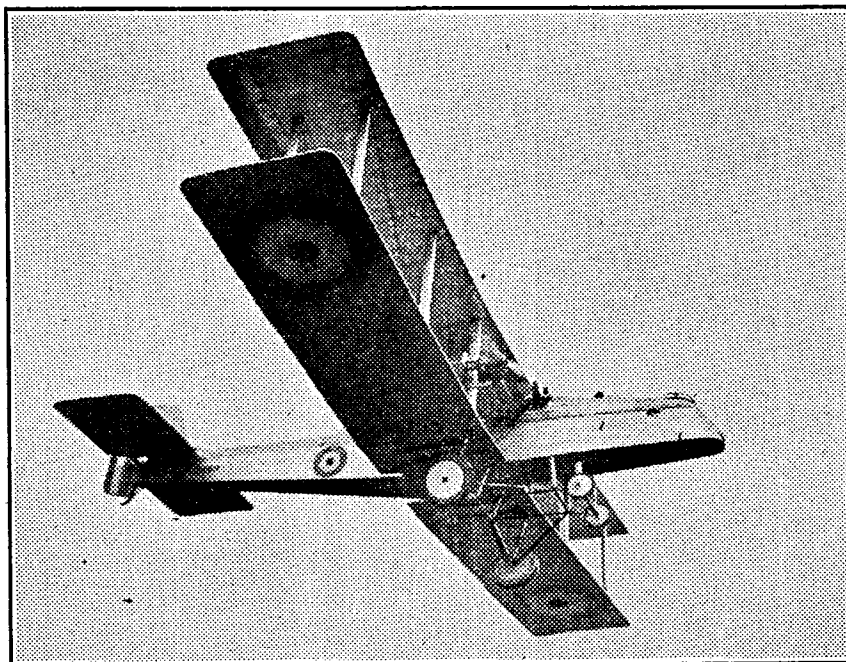
How a Brave Man Died

A moving story comes from a South Wales mine at Ton Pentre.

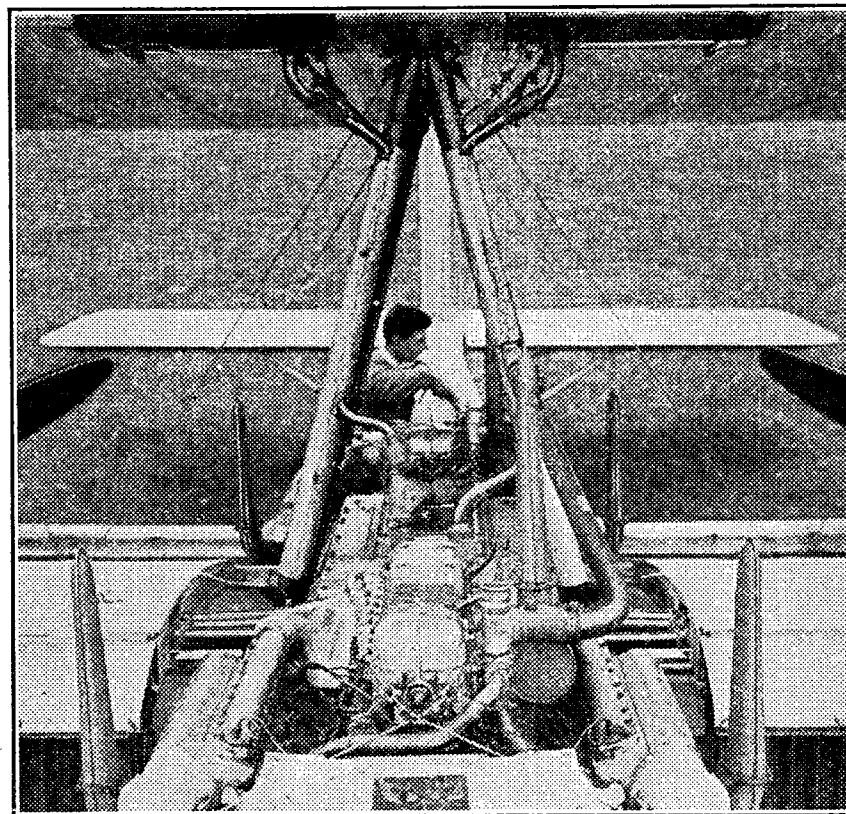
There had been a fall of roof at the coal face where a miner named John Harris was working, and rescuers found him buried up to his neck in loose earth. Some dislodged timber held the rest of the roof from falling, and any moment the work of the rescuers might bring the timbers down with a run and kill both him and them.

Nevertheless, they worked without pause for fourteen hours to free him, while Harris sang hymns to keep up his courage and theirs. The earth constantly threatened to accumulate and smother him, but they managed to get it away. They gave him liquid through a tube. At last, however, the fall was too much for them, for the brave singer suddenly exclaimed that he was choking. The end had come, and he passed into the brave man's Paradise.

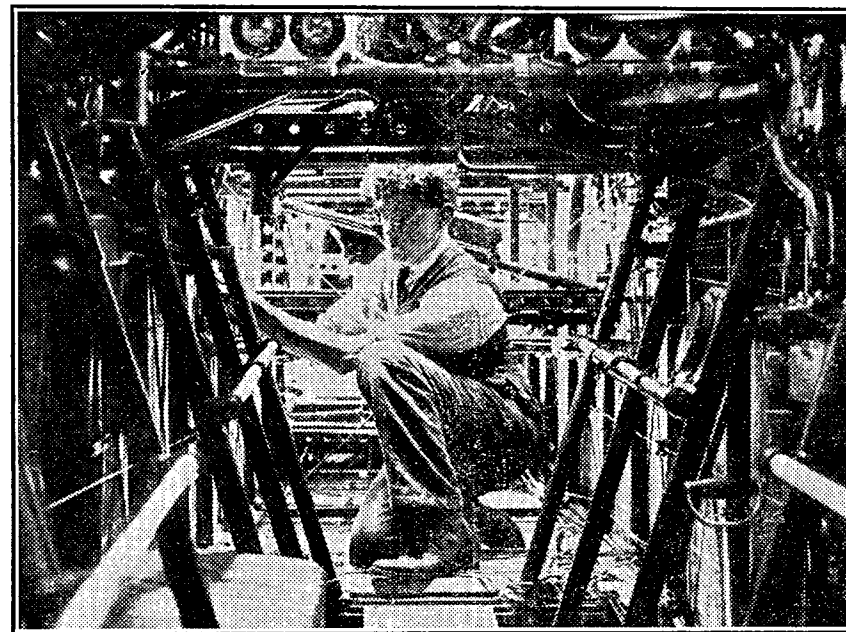
NEW ALL-METAL WONDER OF THE AIR



The new Bodmin-Napier machine in flight



The engine, looking from the front cockpit



Inside the engine-room of the aeroplane

Here is the new all-metal Bodmin-Napier aeroplane which was recently tested at Norwich. The motors are mounted in a central engine-room in the fuselage, and the drive is transmitted by gearing to propellers on the wings. These pictures show the engineer in his engine-room in the air

THE SCOUTS SHOW THEM HOW TO DO IT

A DAY'S GOOD DEED

Remarkable Saving of a Wreck
Off Cumberland

STORY OF AN ABANDONED STEAMER

We have always known that Scouts, particularly the older ones, are capable of a good deal when opportunity offers. The other day chance came to them on the coast of Cumberland, and they made a very fine thing of it. Five of them saved a drifting steamer from grounding on the rocks.

The vessel was the steamship Linton, making for Bambrugh Pool with a cargo of gravel. Between Whitehaven and St. Bees Head she ran into foul weather, rain and fog, with a heavy sea running. Soon the Linton showed a bad list, and it seemed best to the crew of eight men to make for safety.

They set off in the ship's boat, and after a tough experience landed at Barrowmouth. High overhead came the gleam of St. Bees Light. The men climbed the cliff and, desperately weary, were glad to shelter in the lighthouse.

What About It?

It happened that on the previous evening a company of the 10th Halifax Scouts and Hensingham Rover Scouts had come to St. Bees for a camping holiday. At seven in the morning they saw the Linton drifting helplessly about, a mile from shore.

The Scouts thought it a pity for a vessel to strand on the rocks when there were some tough lads about ready to turn to and save her. "What about it?" they said to each other. Then they went to their Scoutmaster, the Rev. E. Roseveare, of Halifax, and asked permission to salvage the vessel.

The Scoutmaster thought it wisest to head the expedition himself. He chose for his helpers four of the best swimmers in the camp, Assistant-Scoutmaster Denton, Patrol-leader Fletcher, and Rovers Watson and Wilson.

The Capsized Boat

The sea was heavier than they knew. When they tried to launch their boat in the strong surf the Scoutmaster had a few minutes of anxiety. Several times they came near to capsizing. The crew were only wearing shorts and vests, and were soon drenched, but they did not mind that.

After a bit they got clear of the surf. It was not easy rowing in that heavy sea, and an hour passed before they boarded the Linton. Before they could make their boat fast a wave took her and hurled her against the ship's side, and she sank. There they were, imprisoned on an abandoned steamer.

The Scouts did not mind that any more than the wetting. They made the Linton fast by dropping her anchors, and were intensely relieved to find that the sea was not so heavy as to make her drag her anchors.

The Task Accomplished

While the Scouts were doing this bit of rescue work other people were busy on their behalf. The harbour authorities at Whitehaven were told what had happened. They fetched the Linton's crew from the lighthouse and sent them off in a tug to the steamer. The Scoutmaster then handed over the steamer to her rightful crew, and after some overhauling she went off under her own steam to Whitehaven.

Then the tug brought the Scouts back to land. Their doings had been watched with the most intense interest by the rest of the camp, and the rousing cheers of welcome made the seabirds on the cliffs very uneasy indeed for a time.

THE FAKIR COMES TO PARIS

WERE THESE THINGS DONE?

Or Did the People Think They Saw Them?

A QUEER STORY

There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

To Paris, where miracles are looked at very carefully, has come Tahra Bey, one of that wandering race of fakirs whose marvels are the talk of the bazaars and market-places of Asia and Africa from Kabul to Marrakeesh.

Tahra Bey does on a Paris platform before a jury of doubting doctors and journalists some of the things of which travellers tell as marvels of the East. He feeds on daggers, but no blood comes; he thrusts a knife through his cheeks and plucks it out again with as little concern as if he has been tickling himself with a feather. He stretches his body, which he has made as stiff and lifeless as if it were a plank of wood, over knife-edges on trestles, and lets an assistant break a stone with a hammer on his chest. He lies in the same unconcerned, unfeeling condition on a bed of spikes, while another assistant jumps on him.

In a Crowded Room

All these things the journalists and the doctors saw, or thought they saw, just as travellers and European residents in the out-of-the-way places of the East have seen them from time to time. When travellers come home and tell such tales they are sometimes received with polite questionings as to whether they may not have been tricked into seeing something that did not really happen at all.

But Tahra Bey performs his marvels in a crowded room. If they are illusions, then we have to ask whether he is one of those strange mystic people who have the power to produce such illusions in the minds of onlookers.

The last of his marvels was to allow himself to be buried in a heap of sand, many hundredweights of it, and at the end of nearly half an hour of this stifling burial, to emerge pale, bloodless, and breathing with difficulty, but alive! That was an example of the old miracle which used to be called suspended animation. Many stories have been told of men who have been buried for hours or days or longer, and yet have survived. Nobody has ever been able to deny the evidence for these stories or to account for them.

SIR THOMAS BODLEY

His Old London House

A good friend at St. Bartholomew's Hospital has sent us a very interesting note about Sir Thomas Bodley, of whose splendid library at Oxford we were writing the other day.

Sir Thomas, it seems, was another of the famous men who used to live quite close to where the C.N. office now stands, for he had a house in the Close of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and paid for it a rent of £5 6s. 8d. a year. He lived there between 1599 and 1612, and the hospital has an old plan showing the house.

In the old church of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, which is in the precincts of the hospital, there is a tablet to Lady Bodley, who died at her husband's house in the Close. An entry in the hospital ledger for 1610-11 reads: "Item, for the Burial of the Lady Bodley, the wyfe of Sr. Thomas Bodley, knight, in the upper chancel, without knells, 18s. 4d."

YELLOWHEAD'S ESCAPE

A Man and a Puma

ASTONISHING BIT OF LUCK IN THE ROCKIES

The luckiest man among the Stoney Sioux Red Indians must surely be Yellowhead, of Wabamun Lake.

The other day, when the braves were journeying to attend a great celebration at Banff, in Alberta, Yellowhead had such an extraordinary adventure that the fame of it will be heard in the Sioux wigwams for generations to come. It all came about, as so many things do, through taking a short cut, for some of the Indians decided to leave their horses in the valley and make a daring trip along a narrow mountain ledge.

Now, in such places the slightest accident means disaster, and when Yellowhead happened to slip in rounding a corner and fell headlong into a hollow a hundred feet below, his comrades felt that this was the last they would see of him. Fortunately, however, his friend Ghost-Skin wanted to make sure, and had himself lowered over the cliff. To his utter amazement, there at the bottom was Yellowhead, sitting with his head in his hands, badly bruised and dazed, but still alive.

Beside him lay a seven-foot puma, called a cougar in the Rockies, and near by were the remains of a half-eaten mountain goat. The cougar had been feeding on the goat when Yellowhead came hurtling through the air and landed on the top of it!

Now this is where Yellowhead's astounding luck comes in, for the cougar had not only broken his fall and thus saved his life, but had itself been quite put out of action, or else Yellowhead would have assuredly gone the way of the goat. It was, surely, one of the luckiest bits of bad luck ever known.

NARROW ESCAPE OF AN OLD HALL

Saved Just in Time

One of the finest specimens of black and white architecture in this country, built at the end of the 15th century, has just been saved from the housebreaker's pick. It seemed as if nobody was going to buy it at a price that would be accepted, and it was announced that the material of which the old hall was built would be sold in lots in the autumn.

Bramhall Hall stands in 66 acre of park and woodland in Cheshire, near Stockport. The Stockport Corporation offered £15,000 for it, as a pleasure resort for the burgesses of that populous town, but the owner would let them have only half the land they wanted for that money. So it was put up for auction the other day, and the highest bid for the lot was £13,000. Then the land was offered in bits, but still the bids were too low. So no sale was made.

But now a private purchaser has been found in Mr. J. H. Davies, a wealthy Manchester citizen who loves old buildings. We do not know the price he paid, but we do know that the Government, through Lord Peel, "impressed upon the owner the deep concern of the public that the hall should be preserved, seeing that it is one of the most perfect examples of early half-timbered work remaining in this country."

The hall was occupied, and much injured, by both the Royalist and Parliamentary forces during the Civil War. All the tapestries and furnishings have been dispersed at successive sales, but the last owner spent £40,000 on restoring the house and grounds.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



A huge mountain of salt has been discovered in Algeria, and is to be mined for commercial purposes.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin publish an admirable half-crown book on "What the League of Nations Is," by Mr. Wilson Harris.

Nine thousand tons of concrete and ten thousand miles of wire have been used in the construction of the new wireless station at Rugby.

Where Ruskin Died

Brantwood, the beautiful house on Coniston Lake where John Ruskin died in 1900, is to be sold.

British Columbia's Scourge

The forest fires in British Columbia this summer have been the most disastrous in the history of the province.

Splendid

A man has been fined five shillings for leaving a newspaper on the grass in a London park.

A Barbarous Sport

The newspapers of Athens are loudly protesting against the introduction of pigeon shooting at the new racecourse there.

Georgia Will Not Follow Tennessee

The House of Representatives in Georgia, U.S.A., has refused to pass a Bill forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools.

Scrapping a Fleet

Mr. Henry Ford has bought 200 useless ships from the United States Government for about £400,000, and is having them scrapped.

Safety for Children

The Housing Committee of the London County Council have arranged for wire guards to be supplied with all gas fires in the Council's dwellings.

In Memory of Bonar Law

A Scottish cairn in memory of Mr. Bonar Law is to be erected at Rexton, New Brunswick, close to the Presbyterian manse where he was born.

Safety First for Trams

All London County Council trams are being equipped with an automatic signalling device which shows other vehicles when the car is going to stop.

Record Non-Stop Flight

Two French airmen have easily beaten all previous records for a non-stop flight by remaining in the air for over 45 hours. They covered 2750 miles.

Shifting a Mountain of Rock

Eight tons of gunpowder were used in a blast at Bonawe Granite Quarries, Argyllshire, the other day, over 80,000 tons of granite being dislodged at once.

The Poor Man at the Gate

In the will of a London barrister was this legacy: Ten pounds to the poor man for many years standing daily at the south-west gate near the Middle Temple. The poor man is a matchseller, and is totally blind.

DRINK MORE MILK

Leicestershire Has a Bright Idea

A clever brain behind the Leicestershire Insurance Council has devised a "Healthgram" competition for Leicestershire schools. We give one or two of the things that were said about milk.

Half a pint of milk a day
Keeps the little germs at bay.

Fresh milk will nourish,
And make you flourish;
It will do more good
Than a doctor could.

It is no wonder little babies
Are bonnie, gay, and bright;
They drink the pure and creamy milk
At morning, noon, and night.

Milk in the morning keeps you from yawning, says one bright competitor, and we like another of these fragments of wisdom from school—the idea that half a pint of milk is worth many oceans of alcohol.

REMEMBERING OUR HEROES

SCOTT AND HIS COMRADES

The National Memorial Near His Birthplace

A MESSAGE FOR EVERY SCHOOL

The National Memorial to one of the nation's immortal heroes now looks out across the water at Devonport.

Standing not far from the birthplace of Captain Scott, the monument to the great explorer and his comrades has been unveiled by Commodore Royds, who was a member of Scott's first expedition to the Arctic.

The memorial is a tall granite pylon representing Courage and Patriotism, scorning Fear, Despair, and Death. Below are four bronze panels of scenes in the last expedition, when Scott, Wilson, Oates, Bowers, and Evans lost their lives.

One of the pathetic scenes at the unveiling of the monument was the laying of a wreath by Peter Scott, whose mother was also present.

Misfortune's Last Blow

Commodore Royds, in unveiling the monument, declared his conviction that the letter Scott wrote to the public when he saw that they must die should be hung in every school. The C.N. thinks so too, and we therefore give it once again below.

We should have got through but for the sickening of a second companion, and a shortage of fuel for which I cannot account, and the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow.

We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past.

The Will of Providence

We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honour of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

The last sentence but one of this brave letter appears on the monument at Devonport. It is sad to remember that the sculptor of the monument, Mr. Hodges, has not lived to see it unveiled.

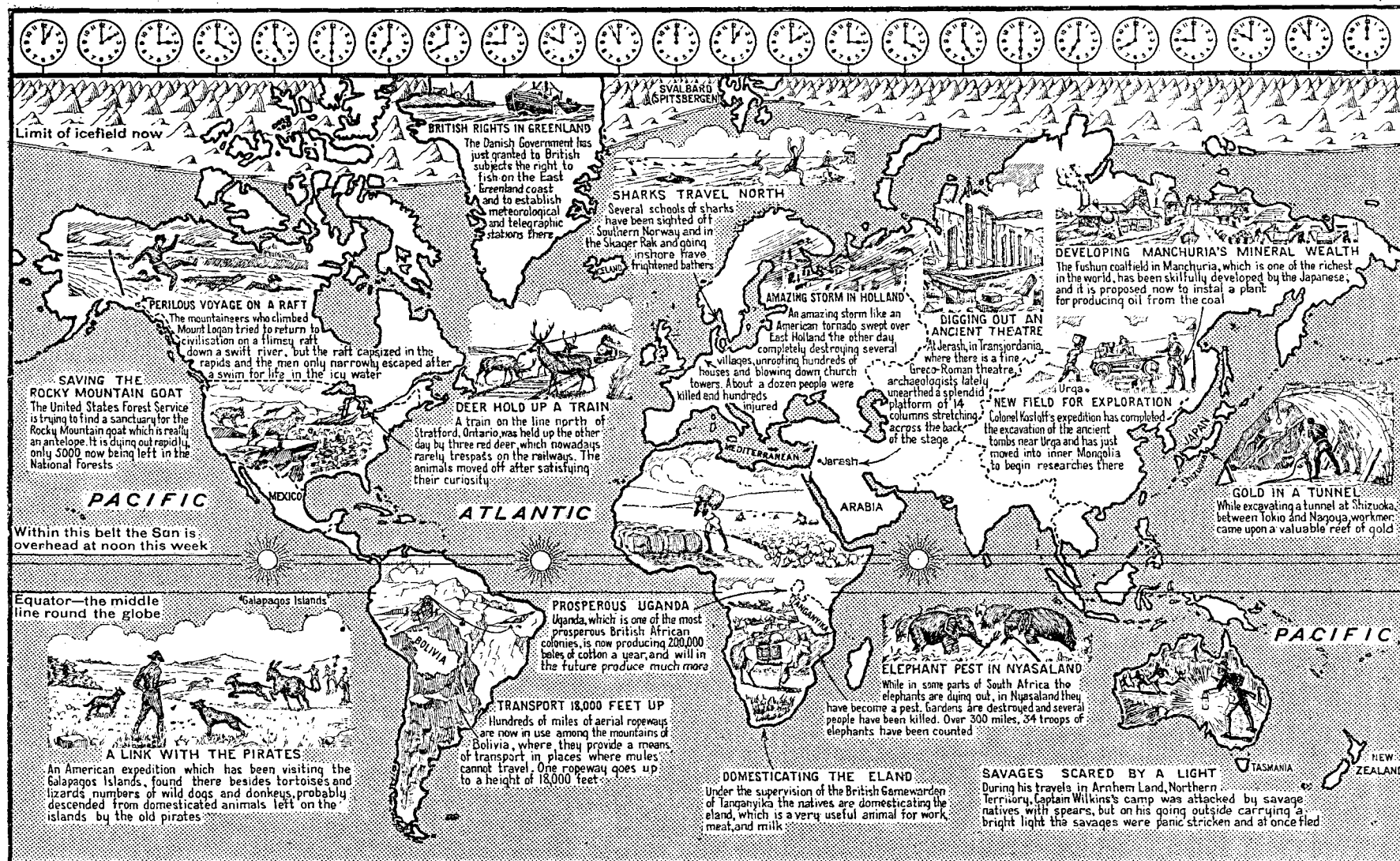
A NEW USE FOR MOSS

An Idea from Sweden

A Swedish engineer has discovered that good use can be made of the white moss which grows on the peat moors of Sweden.

When dried and pressed into paper-covered cakes, this moss becomes a fine insulating material, and the cost of production is said to be very low. A company has been formed to turn out this new material.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MOSUL

What is to Happen to It? A LEAGUE DECISION

A very difficult question is likely to have to be answered soon by the Government with regard to our long labours in Mesopotamia.

As at present arranged, we are to leave King Feisal and his parliament to govern the country on their own account in 1928. There is every probability, however, that the League of Nations will ask us to stay on another twenty years or so. That the British taxpayer will not like; he has spent as much as he wants to spend on looking after Mesopotamia.

What has happened is this. The League sent a Commission to decide where the boundary should be drawn between Mesopotamia and Turkey, which ruled (or misruled) the whole of it before the war. Mosul is the name of the province in dispute. The Commission has decided that:

1. If possible, the province itself should not be divided.
2. Turkey is the legal owner of Mosul until she renounces her right, and only moral arguments are good against her.
3. The inhabitants would like to remain as now if the League retains control.
4. If the League gives up control in 1928 they would rather go back under Turkey.

Now, the control by the League has hitherto been exercised through Britain, so that for the League to retain control for another 20 years presumably means that Britain must stay there to represent it. We shall see; but there seems to be no finality in this decision.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Leonidas Le-on-e-das
Phidias Fid-e-as
Praxiteles Praks-it-e-leez
Thermopylae Ther-mop-e-le

THE LUNCHEON OF A LIFETIME

Olympia's Great Festival

It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and the Freemasons, having entered on the hard task in these taxpaying times of raising a million pounds as their memorial of the war, took a breather from their labours by holding at Olympia the largest lunch ever held.

Eight thousand Freemasons sat down to it, and eight thousand of them stood up after it when the Duke of Connaught, Grand Master, proposed the health of the King. In between those two moments hundreds of salmon seasoned with mayonnaise, flocks of lamb cutlets, uncounted hors d'oeuvres, had become Freemasons. Thousands of rolls would roll no more.

A Service Corps of waitresses marched and counter-marched among the lunchers. In a sound-proof room the banquet's commander-in-chief sat with earphones to his ears giving commands to the kitchen. Mouthfuls were calculated to the second. When it was all over it took twelve hours to clear up.

A NEW WIRELESS STATION

Developing the Beam System

A wireless station that will work on the beam system is now being set up at North Petherton, in Somerset.

There will be two sections, one to receive messages from Canada and the other from South Africa; and each section will have an aerial supported by five steel lattice masts, 290 feet high and twelve feet square at the base. The foundations of each mast will weigh nearly a hundred tons, and about 120 tons of concrete will be used for foundations for the guy rope stays.

This new station will only be used for receiving communications; a transmitting station is also being erected at Bodmin in Cornwall.

PARLIAMENT AND PORRIDGE

A Shocking Omission to be Remedied

It is 218 years since the Scottish and English Parliaments were united, yet through all these years Scotland's representatives at Westminster have been unable to get a dish of oatmeal porridge in the dining-room!

Now that is to be put right. When Members come back from their holidays in November porridge will be on the menu every night from nine o'clock.

This great reform has been achieved by Mr. David Kirkwood, the Scottish Member who tried to get the Stone returned to Scotland from Westminster Abbey, where kings are crowned on it.

Of course, Members seldom breakfast at the House. If they did, this injustice would no doubt have been remedied long ago, but lately there have been many all-night sittings, which means an early breakfast as well as a late supper; and to offer a Scotsman bacon and eggs for breakfast instead of oatmeal porridge is an insult which even an Englishman thinks has been endured too long!

AUSTRALIA AND HER LOAN

Why it is Raised in New York

The fact that the Australian Commonwealth Government is raising its new loan in New York instead of in London, where the Dominions have always dealt before, has given rise to comment.

It has been supposed, on the one hand, that this is due to a desire in Australia to snub London, and, on the other hand, that London has snubbed Australia.

Of course, neither is true. After the most careful consultation between Melbourne and London it has been decided that the interests of both the Commonwealth and the Mother Country would be best served by raising the new loan in New York.

ONE THING AMERICA CANNOT DO

Hog Yard and its Story WORLD'S GREATEST SHIPYARD TO BE SOLD

Hog Island, the greatest shipyard ever laid down, which cost the American Government £12,000,000, is to be sold. It is a reminder of the greatest fiasco of the war, the unfortunate attempt of America to do the one thing she has never been able to do—build ships.

It is expected that the bids for this shipyard, which lies on the Delaware River near Philadelphia, will in no case reach £600,000. Nobody can say in advance, as the bidding is to be made in sealed letters.

When the campaign of the German submarines had reduced the merchant navies of the world so terribly that the situation was very grave, the American Government decided to try its hand at building ships, an occupation it had left to Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia for many years, ever since the steamship began to supersede the wooden walls of the sailing vessels. It made a contract with a company for the construction of 180 freight carriers of between 7000 and 8000 tons, and 30,000 workmen were set to the task.

The results were appalling. None of the 122 ships launched from Hog Yard were ever any good, and worst of all were the new concrete ships, which were heralded as an eighth wonder of the world. They were to be unsinkable, but they all sank!

Now Hog Yard itself is to be sold, at the most disappointing loss ever made on such a venture.

It is curious that the Americans, so clever at building railways, roads, and every other mechanical means of transport, cannot build modern ships, or even run them profitably.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 29 1925

To All Who Speak
and Write

IN private life a man is despised who, as we say, continually blows his own trumpet, or boasts of his wealth and possessions. We regard as unpleasant the picture of a rich man wearing a huge gold watch-chain, or flashing diamonds on his fingers, or jingling money in his pockets.

Also we think little of one who speaks slightly to an inferior in social life, or treats another with contempt because he is poor.

In a place like the House of Commons, for example, there are men of all sorts and conditions. Some are very rich and some very poor. Some are descended from families of long pedigree, while others would have trouble in tracing farther back than their grandfathers. In the House of Commons these distinctions count for nothing. It is a perfectly democratic and well-mannered assembly, in which a man is valued for himself alone.

How unfortunate it is that we cannot have the same good code of manners everywhere! We have had too many recent illustrations of bad manners in our time. Not long ago one of our well-known men, who is so witty that people listen to him because of the clever way he puts things, went to America on a lecturing tour. America is a mixture of all the races of the world, and one would have thought that this clever man would have seized the opportunity to say clever things to draw the various races of people together. But he went out of his way to name for especial insult several nations. He sneered at the Jews and the Irish, races that have distinguished themselves in many fields.

We have had Jews in the highest offices in the realm; and as for the Irish, they have served us everywhere with bravery and honour. But suppose it were not so. Suppose it were true that the Jews and the Irish were inferior peoples. In that case it would be even more necessary not to point the finger of scorn at them.

It becomes the more important to be careful in these matters because the wide circulation of newspapers now enables a public man to insult millions where in the old days he could only insult a few. Of late, also, another man of no importance has sought to enrich himself by covering with scorn the noble name of one of our immortal dead. No small man can harm a great man, for the great man dead is more powerful than the small man living, but it is pitiful that such things should be. Not until all who speak and write remember their grave responsibility shall we get rid of the curse of war and the bitterness which follows in its train.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



M.P.s Should Know Better

THERE were nearly a hundred casualties on the roads in four days not long ago, over thirty lives being lost. In London alone 226 people were killed in three months this year, and somebody has pointed out that every day two Londoners never return home alive, and nearly thirty end the day in the hospital.

The C.N. calls the attention of Parliament to these tragic figures, and also to the fact that a member of the House of Commons, defending himself against a charge of dangerous driving, explained that he could not have been travelling forty miles an hour, because *at the time he was memorising notes from political debates, while his wife was by his side reading to him from Hansard.*

We suggest that the driving seat of a car is not the place for making speeches, or for reading them, and Members of Parliament should know better than to attempt it.

No, Thanks

YOU may guess that it was a hard thing to produce a Chinese typewriter, so complex are the characters, but there is an attempt at it. The meaning of the characters varies with the tone in which they are pronounced.

Dwell for a moment on the many different voices in which the two little English words *No, thanks* can be pronounced, and you will understand. There is *No, thanks* when offered some cake that you would have liked to eat if you had not thought you would be greedy. There is *No, thanks* when you are asked to do a foolish and dangerous thing. There is *No, thanks* when you say it for the fourth or fifth time to a tramp who begs you to buy some useless object. You speak sadly the first time, hastily the second, and crossly the third time.

In Full Control of His Day

IT is good to remember, in this age of hurry and flurry, the story of Archbishop Tait, a tremendous worker, who never got fussed or flurried.

It was the rarest possible thing to see him in a hurry, and this calm manner often deceived his guests. An American, staying at Lambeth at a busy time, inquired if the Archbishop were on holiday, "for (said he) he so often walks in the garden, and seems to have nothing to do."

The doctor who attended this clever archbishop told his patient that his steadiness helped him to live long, for his heart was weak, and it was not good for him to be agitated.

But Tait did not adopt his cool manner in order to save himself. He said he did it as a protest against the idea that the busy man must be a man in a state of perspiration.

When Did the War End?

SOMEBODY has been pointing out that our War Memorials seem unable to agree when the war ended. Many of them give the years as 1914-1918, while some give 1914-1919.

We do not wonder that nobody knows when the war ended. For our part we agree with the remark of a famous man while the fighting was on. Looking round a room full of people he said: *It is my conviction that not one of us here will see the end of this war.*

Tip-Cat

PEOPLE are asking why so many of the London streets are up. Because most of them are highways.

MEN's feet are growing bigger. Luckily they can never be more than a foot long.

FOR a century we have been showering benefits on the Chinese. Now we are beginning to sing to them "It ain't gonna rain no mo'."



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW
If the Yellow
races have
blacksmiths

THE Navy has been described as the front door of the British Empire. It would be more correct to call it the water-gate.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires how one can appear slim though fat. He should get somebody to slight him.

A JUDGE says the life of a judge is quite pleasant. Every time he gives judgment he feels it is more blessed to give than to receive.

STEPS are being taken to stop charabanc travellers from singing. They may take the air but must not sing it.

THERE is talk of re-tiling the House of Commons' lobby. We always thought it a slippery place.

No New Lamps for Old

LORD HALDANE declares he would not exchange his 75 years to be 25 again, and he shows his wisdom in saying this.

One may be happy at all ages, for every age has its own happiness. A man of 75 would lose far more in becoming 25 again than one of 25 would in becoming suddenly 75; he would be like a rich man who threw away the friends, money, position, and honour he had spent a long life in gaining, merely that he might try to make them all over again, with the chance of failing instead of succeeding. If at 75 a man cannot look back through the past and see what he has done in it and gained from it, without wishing to throw away whatever it has meant to him and go back and live it again, we may be sure it was not worth living once, much less twice.

A Word for the Sussex
Lanes

By One Who Loves Them

IN these good August days, when the Sun pours his stream of flowing gold through the leaves of the trees, when the soft winds are scented with new-mown hay, what is lovelier than the English countryside? And, of all her varied beauties, is any part more fair than the gay and gallant county of Sussex, which has more literary champions today than any other part of England.

Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Mr. Israel Zangwill, and above all the noble voice of Kipling's patriotism, all pay tribute to the beauties of Sussex at every season; and now it is said that foreign visitors are asking why they are told so much of Shakespeare's country, and Scott's, of Cornwall and the Dukeries, and the Lakes, and so little of the South Downs, and the glorious stretch of garden that lies between them and the sea.

England's Wonderland

The Sussex lanes, that wind so tenderly from one quaint village to another, the low, whitewashed, timbered cottages, with their roofs thatched as only Sussex thatchers know how to thatch, the golden fields of ripe wheat standing as high as a boy, the emerald grass that spreads like a carpet among the gnarled apple-trees in the orchards, the ancient walls of stately houses and grey churches that have known such years of stirring history, are all unveiled to unexpected eyes, and by their unexpectedness make their triumph more complete.

To many foreigners Sussex seems a wonderland of all that is most typical in England, her slow, reposeful daily life, quickened to action at every crisis by the sons and daughters who have never failed her, her peace and sufficiency, her promise of calm even-tide after the storm of the day. To Englishmen, now that they realise what a great part this county played in the days when her forges burned bright, and her shores were watchfully garrisoned against foes and pirates, Sussex is like a rare old book, its pages illumined with the vivid colour of by-gone days.

There is a Lad Here

An esteemed C.N. reader who has seen more than fourscore years sends us these lines:

Lord there is a lad here,
Stalwart, brave, and true,
Ready for Thy service;
Give him work to do.
At the call of duty
He may trusted be
Not to fail or falter,
Not to turn and flee.

Lord, there is a lad here,
Stalwart, brave, and true,
Ready for Thy service;
Give him work to do. W. E. WINKS

The Rider's Prayer

A short life in the saddle, Lord,
Not a long life by the fire.

August 29, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

THROUGH THE FIERY FURNACE

A SCENE NOT FAR FROM VANCOUVER

The Drama of the Lumber Camp in the Burning Forest

THE SPIRIT THAT DOES NOT FAIL

The scene is a lumber camp in the forests below Mount Baker, in the Far West of the American continent, and the month is August, when the hot sun burns the undergrowth to tinder which a spark will set alight.

It is the season, therefore, of forest fires, and daily an aeroplane circles high above the trees from Bellingham, not far from Vancouver and the Canadian border, to give warning to the forest fire-guards of a spreading conflagration. But neither aeroplanes nor the forest-guards can be everywhere, and so the lumber camps have to keep a sharp look-out.

First Sign of Danger

One hot morning when the early breakfast had been eaten, and the women who cook for the camp were washing up the dishes, word was hurriedly brought in that a fire in the upper ranges seemed to be spreading downwards. Would the breeze bearing in from the Sound carry the fire away from the area of felled trees, or would some blaze creep towards the lumbermen? That often happens.

But the lumbermen were calm about it. No need to run away if the fire was going to miss them, and no chance of fending it off if it meant to catch them. They got up steam in the puffing locomotive which brings up supplies over the one-track railway, and waited. They were not going to leave the valuable log-sawing plant in the engine-house and sheds if they could help it.

The Barrier of Fire

It was a man's job to hold on while the forest fires, creeping nearer, threatened them with death, but the women helped, for they stood by without any fainting or fear, and with words of encouragement. But the pitiless fire came on and on. There was a crackling rush beyond the clearing, fire suddenly ran up a tree as if it had been a torch, and a shower of sparks whirled into the camp. It fell on the dry roots and on the machinery house, a burning, smoky blast from the underwood followed the sparks, and in a moment the camp was afire. Had they waited too long?

Nobody troubled to ask the question. Lumbermen manned the camp locomotive, taking the women with them for greater safety. Others packed themselves into the couple of freight cars behind it, and away the party started down hill to safety. But the bumping, rocking little train had gone a very short way when they had reason to ask if they would ever get out alive from the trap the fire had laid for them. It had crept round behind them, and was walling them in.

Out of the Trap

With coats wrapped round their heads, driver and stoker, lumbermen and lumberwomen drove straight at the flames, and went through the first barrier of fire.

Scorched and burned, they emerged on the other side of the furnace, but they were not yet safe. There were bridges to cross, and these were made of wood. Would the fire have caught them? But there was no turning back. The freight train drove on.

It went on, and it came to Bellingham. Not a woman or a man was lost. Not one had escaped burns, but they were safe. Their arrival was a miracle. One of the wooden bridges they crossed was already alight!

GLASGOW'S LOSS IS LONDON'S GAIN

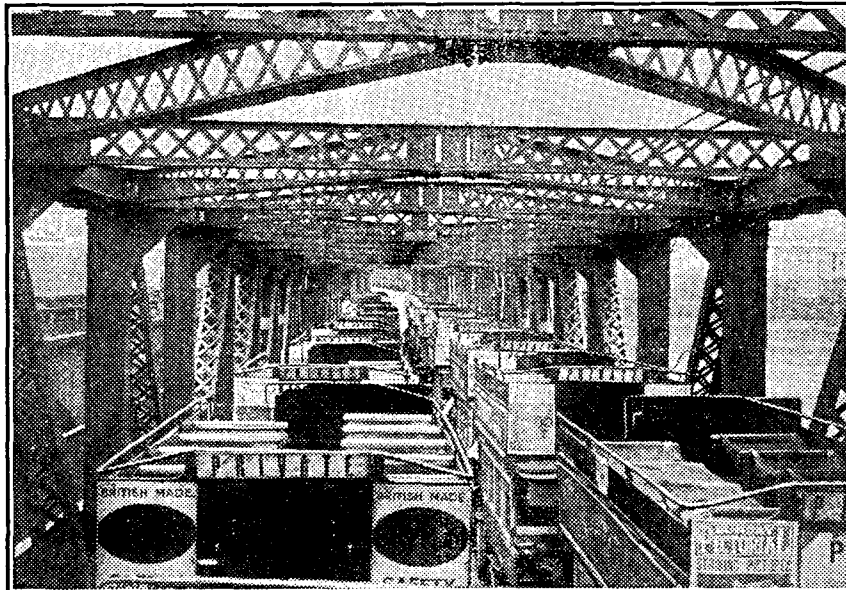
GLASGOW, in throwing away one of its most precious possessions, has given London a new sight which will attract pilgrims from every land. It is the room in which one of our great immortals worked out an idea which has saved a mighty multitude of lives.

It has only now transpired that that which the Governors of the Glasgow Infirmary rejected, the ward where Lord Lister first put into practice his great discovery of antiseptic surgery, is to be preserved in London, where more people will see it than ever troubled to go to visit it in the remote fastness of its unappreciative northern owners.

It is just as well that grimy old London should have this great monument which Lister set up to cleanliness. In Wigmore Street, which is at the heart of the doctor's quarter, is the Wellcome Medical Museum, and here the walls and contents of Lister's old ward have been set up again, after having been pulled down in Glasgow. There is the old ward fireplace, the pillar that stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, and the table on which Lister's apparatus stood. There are even the old beds.

Lister's discovery must have saved millions of lives in the British Empire, and it is fitting that his ward should stand in the heart of the Empire.

TESTING WATERLOO BRIDGE



The double line of weighted buses on the bridge



The experts examining to see if the bridge has moved

Before the temporary Waterloo Bridge was opened for traffic it was tested with buses filled with bags of sand, and passed the test triumphantly

GO, LABOUR ON, SPEND AND BE SPENT

AN old lady called Miss Margaret Coles has just died at Southend-on-Sea. Her life is a fine story of good work, great ideals, and much self-sacrifice.

She was born in Poplar seventy-five years ago, and her childhood and girlhood were passed there.

From the earliest her heart told her that there was great work to do among London's children. She laboured in her own way for a time and then the great opportunity of her life came when good John Kirk turned her attention to the Ragged School Union.

In 1895 Margaret Coles became superintendent of the Cripple Mission, whose work was just begun. She threw her

whole energy and love into this movement, and it grew under her hands. She directed the work of about a thousand voluntary helpers, watched over cripple parlours and holiday homes, and encouraged a correspondence league.

In this way much happiness was brought to the crippled and defective children of East London. Margaret Coles was in herself the embodiment of the line: *Go, labour on, spend and be spent.*

The years rolled by. The middle-aged unwearied woman became old. When she retired three years ago there were 8700 names on her visiting register.

Not many men and women can look back on a life so packed with service.

AN HOUR ON THE TOP OF CANADA

CONQUEST OF THE HIGHEST PEAK

Six Men and Their Battle with the Storm

SIX WEEKS ON ICE

After a terrific struggle with ice and snow and hurricanes of wind, Mount Logan, the highest peak in Canada (19,539 feet), has been conquered by six members of the Canadian Alpine Club.

Mount Logan is in the extreme west of Canada, in the Yukon Territory, close to the Alaskan border. Naturally, so far north, the line of perpetual snow is low, and the party actually travelled on ice for 44 days. The summit was reached on June 23, and the story of the final climb has just come through.

Picture the scene at King Col Camp, from which the final dash was made, "in the midst of monstrous ice-cliffs and blocks of fantastic shapes, with overhanging masses challenging the approach." The only way up proved to be under a vast arch of ice, below which was a crack with a direct drop of a thousand feet! For five days the climbers waited in a storm till the clouds lifted, only to camp for a night and a day in a renewed hurricane.

32 Degrees Below Zero

At Windy Camp, 16,800 feet up, the temperature was 32 degrees below zero, and only one day's rations remained; so that five men had to go back to King Col for more. The summit was still some miles away and was only visible now and then. At 18,500 feet two men were compelled to give up, the other six managed to keep on to the end, though every one was frost-bitten.

On the morning of the 23rd they were still four miles from the two peaks of the mountain, when, suddenly there was glorious weather. They decided to make a dash, but it was not till five in the evening that they topped the nearer summit. And there they saw, two miles farther on, the still higher peak, with a valley between a thousand feet below!

One Hour's Triumph

It must have needed great courage to start off again at that hour. The final climb was up an ice slope, often of 40 or 50 degrees, heart-breaking work indeed. Yet at eight o'clock the thing was done. In a rainbow crowning Logan was the shadow of each of the six men (Captain MacCarthy, Colonel Foster, Carpe, Lambert, Read, and Taylor) as they stood at the top, gazing at the amazing spectacle of seas of cloud.

They stayed for an hour. Then the oncoming of another storm, increasing cold, and failing light, drove them down. Just an hour, with all that strenuous toil behind them and equally strenuous toil before—just an hour they stood in the sunshine on the summit of achievement; but it was one of those crowded hours of glorious life. Then came the plunge downwards. Soon after midnight, 500 feet down, exhausted and numb with cold, they dug themselves into the snow and went to sleep!

Back to Civilisation

Storm followed storm, "as though Logan still desired to punish its conquerors." To frostbite was added hunger, for two successive stores of food left for the downward trek were found to have been raided by bears! But the cache at Trail End, the beginning of their mountain trail, was intact, and by July 7 they were at Hubricks, the nearest outpost of civilisation.

Their further adventures included a wild rush down the rapids of Chitina River on a makeshift raft. When at last they got to McCarthy, seventy miles below the rapids, they found a search party just setting out!

TWO FRIENDS WHO LIVE IN BOOKS

THE SLEEPER NEAR SHAKESPEARE'S BROTHER

Three Hundred Years of the Fame of John Fletcher

THE POET'S CHURCH BY THE THAMES

Three hundred years ago at the end of August died John Fletcher, whose name will always have a place of honour in English literature. Though we have more than fifty of his plays we do not know very much about the man.

Fletcher was so closely bound up, for six or eight years of his life, with a dear friend, that it is now a common custom to mention them together. They are known as Beaumont and Fletcher, and whenever the life of one of them is told the life of the other is woven with it.

An Admirer of Shakespeare

John Fletcher was born in 1579, at the quaint town of Rye, in Sussex, where his father was the clergyman. Later the father became Bishop of Bristol, then of Worcester, and afterwards of London. But he died when John was still a student at Cambridge, and the boy had to leave college and earn a living.

Shakespeare was then almost at the height of his fame as a poet, and the lad, who was an ardent admirer of him, went to London and tried also to live by the pen. When Fletcher was about 27 Beaumont, the son of a judge, came up to London from Oxford at the age of about 22, and began to write for the stage. The son of a bishop and the son of a judge met, and took a great liking for each other. Theirs became quickly one of the closest friendships recorded in history.

Sharing Home and Clothing

They agreed to live together and not only share all they had but to work together on the same plays. Never did two men go halves more completely. It is even said that the clothes which one of them wore one day were worn by the other another day.

The plays they wrote together became popular and successful, much more so than when each wrote separately. This close partnership lasted for six or seven years, and was only broken by Beaumont's marriage.

Both Beaumont and Fletcher knew Shakespeare well. It was Beaumont who described for us who came after the clever merriment he had enjoyed in the company of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and others at the Mermaid, where they dined together.

*what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that
have been*

*So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.*

And it is true undoubtedly that Fletcher, when Shakespeare was giving up writing, joined with the great poet in writing plays, some that bear and others that do not bear Shakespeare's name.

In the Great Days of Elizabeth

In short, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were in youth in closest touch with the greatest writers of the great Elizabethan age, when the master spirits of that age had reached their prime. These young men had written together plays that have great charm, though not such marvellous power as Shakespeare seemed to attain with careless ease. Then Beaumont, who was the more deeply thoughtful of the two, died at the early age of 32, and for nine years longer Fletcher continued writing, working at times probably with Ben Jonson, certainly with Massinger and Middleton.

But none of his partnerships was so complete a blend as that with Beau-

TRAIN SPEEDS

Why They Have Fallen Off MORE CROWDED LINES

How is it that, with all the improvements in railway engines, our expresses are, on the whole, actually slower than they were?

It is due principally to one fact. In the last twenty years the number of passengers carried on British railways has increased enormously. This has made the lines much more crowded, and it has become more and more difficult to get clear runs for high-speed expresses. On the other hand, if the expresses are slower, there are many more of them.

In the runs to forty important towns from London eight are quicker than they were in 1913, ten take the same time, but 22 take longer. And the number of miles run at 55 miles an hour and upwards has dropped to 10,416 this year as against 11,701 in 1914, though it is to be noted that in 1905 it was only 8458.

There are now 21 expresses a day that run at 58 miles an hour or over; and there are 32 trains a day running 150 miles or over without a stop; but none of these averages more than 58 miles an hour for the run.

HUMANITY AND ECONOMY GO TOGETHER

How One Shipowner Saves the Birds

A C.N. reader has called our attention to the fact that with reasonable care and attention on the part of shipowners thousands of seabirds might be saved from a miserable death by being smothered with waste oil.

Mr. Arthur Bibby, of the famous Liverpool steamship line, declared the other day that for years their ships had not dropped any waste oil at sea. Instead, they have machinery which filters it, preserving much to be used again; while the waste is mixed with sawdust and burned with coal.

If other shipowners would adopt this wise and economical plan it seems that not only would much of the terrible slaughter of the poor birds be stopped, but shipping itself would gain. When humanity and economy go together something will surely be done.

Continued from the previous column

Few of their writings were published during the lifetime of Beaumont, and when they were issued later Fletcher gave Beaumont the precedence over himself, and called them the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Ever since then it has been a literary exercise to try to distinguish which parts of their joint work were written by Beaumont and which by Fletcher, or which parts of Shakespeare were Fletcher's.

But there is no doubt that John Fletcher wrote, either in part or wholly, some fifty plays, in which there are songs with a charm that echoes Shakespeare's, a bright wit, and a romantic outlook on life; and his is a literary influence that could not be lost without making our language poorer.

He died of the plague in 1625, when he was in his prime at 45, and he was buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where also lie John Gower, the fourteenth-century poet, and Shakespeare's brother. Beaumont, who had lived with Fletcher near this church, had been buried in Westminster Abbey. It is one of the curiosities of friendship that fifteen years later Philip Massinger, one of Fletcher's most constant co-workers, was laid to rest in the same grave, so that Fletcher had comradeship in life and death; and it is interesting to remember that this church at the foot of London Bridge has this year two centenaries—the sixth centenary of John Gower, who was born in 1325, and the third centenary of John Fletcher, who died in 1625.

A JOLLY LITTLE FELLOW

SMILING ACROSS 24 CENTURIES

The Helmeted Warrior Found on the Hill-top of Sparta

MAY HAVE SEEN SOCRATES

By Our Art Correspondent

The British School at Athens has sent more news about a statue discovered at Sparta, a smiling marble warrior who seems not to have changed very much during the hundreds of years he has been buried in ruins.



The Smiling Warrior

What is left of him, we should say, has not changed much. We have to look at him in pieces, as we look at the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, and try to imagine what the whole superb figure must have looked like, the marble gleaming and almost alive, straight from the sculptor's hand.

It would seem that either the smiling warrior was wilfully smashed or came to grief in the wholesale ruin of Greece at the hands of her many enemies. What that ruin was we know from the superb fragments picked up and dug out during the last few generations. This jolly little chap, who may have seen Socrates and heard much wisdom and much singing and much sorrow, has not suffered so badly as many marble warriors of his day. His case is not quite so bad as the case which led a tiny girl to say that "the poor gentleman was all shot away except his hand."

Restoring the Fragments

So far the smiling warrior, who is sculptured in Parian marble, is possessed of a magnificent torso, a crested helmet, a piece of one leg and foot, and a piece of his shield. His arms may perhaps still be found in the debris. From the beautiful way the back is modelled it is obvious that the statue stood clear on a pedestal of its own and was not just an ornament on a temple wall.

Another thing we learn from the fine torso is that the smiling warrior was probably sculptured in an attitude of defence. He has the crouching line usual to that position. If we want to see what Greek men looked like we can learn quite a lot from the Greek vases in the British Museum. But those lovely objects cannot give us the magnificent severity and simplicity of what is called archaic Greek sculpture, the work done before the days of Phidias and his helpers. Greece gained the magnificence of the work of her golden years, but she lost the rugged grandeur of the archaic period. There is nothing subtle and lovely like the Hermes of Praxiteles, for instance, in our smiling warrior, but there is that rough-hewn strength and simplicity which is the parent rock of all beautiful form.

Heroes of Ancient Greece

And what did he stand for, this marble man who is coming back to the ken of the living world out of the void of ruin, this fragment of the work of a nation of artists? The leaders of the British School at Athens, knowing a great deal about it, see no reason why he should not have been one of the memorials to heroes of ancient Greece.

Our smiling warrior may even be intended to remind us of the noble Leonidas, who died so bravely at Thermopylae, leading his handful of men against the Persians 480 years before the world had heard of Bethlehem.

THE SLUM PEOPLE

Clinging to Their Hovels

A QUEER SCENE

It has often been said that slum people like their slums, and apparently at Limehouse there are people of whom it is sadly true.

An inquiry into a scheme for rehousing two or three thousand people was interrupted so persistently by those for whose benefit the scheme was drawn up that it had to be adjourned.

In this slum area there are 1373 rooms occupied by 2418 people, 1500 of them grown up. The houses were built about a hundred years ago. The gallery of the Limehouse Town Hall, where the inquiry was held, was crowded with the tenants of these places, and when the L.C.C. Medical Officer said the site had long been recognised as one of the most insanitary in London its inhabitants cried out "rubbish."

The local Medical Officer said plans had been submitted for block buildings ten storeys high, though they had not yet been accepted. He thought many of the tenants would prefer to live in such flats rather than in "some of the hovels which are there now." The storm of disapproval this remark evoked lasted several minutes.

Truly it is difficult to help some people! The scheme must, of course, be persevered with for the good, not only of these misguided folk, but of their wider neighbours.

OLD MEN REMEMBERING OLD TIMES

The Cockpit of Europe

Bruges, with its belfry and its never-ceasing chimes, seemed for a week this summer to have gone back to the learned days of long ago. Along its old streets, and over the stone bridges of the canals, paced grave and reverend old men whose eyes were fixed on the past.

They were the members of the Belgian Historical Federation, which in these days of restored peace had met to talk over the old times of that old land of the Low Countries which has been called the Cockpit of Europe because for hundreds of years armies have fought there.

Because there was always fighting there was always violence there, even in the intervals of wars, and among the many things these learned antiquarians talked about were the prisons and the punishments with which the Law met violence five hundred years ago.

Fearful punishments they were, and though we cannot boast of our humanity when the shadow of the Great War has scarcely left us, yet we may rejoice to think that nowadays we are growing to believe that, as somebody said the other day, the chief success of prisons consists, after all, in preventing people from becoming prisoners.

IRELAND LEADS THE WAY

State Endowing a Theatre

A very striking and hopeful thing that has happened in Ireland is that the Free State Assembly has voted a first grant of £850 to endow the famous little Abbey Theatre in Dublin as a national theatre.

The other night Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, made a speech at the theatre to thank the Government for their intelligent generosity. He remarked with pride that Ireland was the first of the English-speaking nations to realise the educational value of the theatre and have one endowed by the State.

A very interesting thing is that plays from this little Dublin playhouse have been acted probably in every European country, and some of them have even been translated into Oriental languages, so that their influence has gone all over the world. Ireland is leading the way in this respect at least.

IN THE HILLS THAT MOSES KNEW

BATTLE IN THE LAND OF GIANTS

France in Trouble with the Druses of Bashan

WHAT IT IS ABOUT

Then we turned, and went up the way to Bashan; and Og the king of Bashan came out against us, he and all his people, and we smote him until none was left to him. And we took his cities, all fenced with high walls, gates, and bars; beside unwallled towns a great many.

Only Og king of Bashan remained of the remnant of giants. His bedstead was of iron; nine cubits was the length and four cubits the breadth of it. *The great speech of Moses*

There has been trouble in Bashan again. As the Israelites, in the days of their wanderings, fought and defeated King Og, so the French, who hold the League Mandate for Syria, have been compelled to go forth to battle with the chief of the Druses in the same mountains of Bashan.

The mountains of Bashan of the Bible are the mountains of the Druses today, and in the chief city of these hills, Suedia, the rebels have lately cooped up the French garrison.

An Enlightened Policy

This is the sixth revolt the French have had to deal with in Syria since they went there in 1919. It is curious that it should be so, for the French appear to have followed an enlightened policy there, finding capable men among the native leaders to put at the head of a Council of State with a French adviser.

The French declare that it is the fault of the Druses themselves that this system failed in their case. They quarrelled as to who should be chief, so the adviser became Acting-Governor and governed without a chief. When it came to fighting the French, a chief was forthcoming in the person of Sultan Pasha el Atrash.

How the Revolt Began

When the Druses went to Damascus to complain General Sarrail refused to see them and an attempt was made to arrest Sultan Pasha. It was then that the revolt took place. The French garrison of Suedia was surrounded and a relief expedition was heavily defeated. At least eight hundred French soldiers have been killed or wounded.

The particular interest for Britain is that the mountain fastnesses of the Druses are within 25 miles of the railway from Palestine by which pilgrims go to the Mohammedan Holy Places. The railway passes for fifty miles through French territory, so that we must depend on France for its protection so far. The Druses have already destroyed a long stretch of the line going northward to Damascus.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

The Village Smithy on Wheels

In olden times the blacksmith's craft was not merely the rough work and shoeing of horses that it is today. Very fine work was done by the old smiths, who were expert at the making of iron gates, ornamental fences, fire dogs, and so on.

In the hope of reviving this almost forgotten craft a rural development committee in Yorkshire is sending out a blacksmith's demonstration van to tour the villages. The van is fitted with a lathe, grinding and drilling machinery, a portable forge, an oil engine, and welding plant. The village blacksmith will thus have a chance of seeing modern tools and methods at work.

BE CHEERFUL IN HARD TIMES

Admiralty's Appeal to the Fleet

POVERTY AND WORLD POWER

The Admiralty has issued a notable document to the Fleet in connection with the steps now being taken to economise. Every officer and man is to see this document, from which we take the following passages:

The rebuilding of the Fleet which has become necessary is throwing a very serious burden upon the finances of the country.

It is obvious that the strength of the Empire depends not only upon its armed forces, but also upon its general prosperity. Collapse of world power and prestige would follow as readily upon bankruptcy as upon the loss of military power.

Every effort will be made to effect economies in the administration of the Admiralty, and in the Fleet afloat.

The Admiralty realise that the measures in contemplation may militate against the comfort of the Fleet's personnel. They trust, therefore, that the officers and men of the Fleet will realise the circumstances which have made the changes necessary, and will do their utmost to minimise any reduction of efficiency that may ensue, and cheerfully accept any inconvenience which may accompany them.

CRICKET, BUT NOT TOO MUCH OF IT

A Note from Samoa

In no country has cricket been taken up with more enthusiasm than in the island of Samoa.

The game is often played with as many as eighty a side. So fascinated, however, have the islanders become that there is now a regulation of the New Zealand Government, which is responsible for Samoa, restricting cricket to two half-days in the week.

At first this seems a rather extraordinary measure, unduly interfering with Samoan liberty, but the explanation is that when these huge teams of players visit another village they soon exhaust the food supplies, owing to the lavish nature of Samoan hospitality.

A team will take with it the friends and relations of its members as well, so that the supplying of their wants is not a small matter. Then each match means a return match, with hospitality on a similar scale, and the absence of the men from their families tends to disorganise village life. It will be seen, therefore, that there is some reason for the restriction.

THE BAY OF BISCAY-O

A New Terror for It

Sailors plying across the wide mouth of the Bay of Biscay will be startled to learn that there is really shallow water where there were believed to be great ocean depths.

The other day a French naval transport from Lorient saw a huge tidal wave approaching and managed to ride it successfully, but the unusual event roused the suspicions of the captain, and led him to take soundings. He was astonished to find that over a course of fifty miles the water was between 66 and 270 feet deep, though the charts give the depth here as 15,500 feet!

So it appears that there is an immense plateau, on an average only 150 feet below the surface, in the mouth of the Bay. Its geographical position is given as 125 miles east-north-east of Cape Ortegal, in Spain; but so far all the scientists have been able to tell us about it is that it may have been thrown up by volcanic disturbances beneath the sea, though some have suspicions that the old charts may be faulty.

DUMB HEROES

The Mechanical Giants in the Way

TWO TALES OF TWO MOTHERS

A Wiltshire reader who has had long experience in America sends us these two stories of animals in contact with our great mechanical giants. Both stories show that the motherly instinct in animals can lift them to the heights of heroism.

When riding on a street car in Kingston, Jamaica, I noticed that a hen with her chickens had found something to pick up in the middle of the car line. As our car approached she saw the danger and clucked to her chicks.

Though she had not the intelligence needed to rescue them, she had bravery enough to seek to shelter them as best she could. She spread out her wings and sat down covering them in the centre of the track between the rails.

The driver of the car, a kindly-disposed Negro, at once brought the car to a standstill. It was not till he had quietly used the iron with which the points of the rails are turned that he could shoo the mother and her chicks out of his way.

The Jungle Railway

Another incident occurred on the old Panama railway line, where it is now submerged by the Canal. The railway track ran through jungle, with bamboo thickets on either side. There, just as the thunder of a heavy freight train drawn by two great American locomotives, could be heard approaching, a sow with nine or ten young pigs was feeding on the line.

Accustomed to such warnings, the sow instantly called to her young to follow her as she started to run down the embankment; but all her efforts were unavailing, though she twice turned and frantically tried to get them to follow her. At last, when the train was almost on them, she turned in despair and deliberately charged the approaching engine. It was, of course, a vain though noble sacrifice. Both she and her litter, except two, were cut to pieces.

GRANDFATHER IN TOWN

The Last Horse Bus

AN OLD FRIEND ON THE STREETS AGAIN

Eighty-eight years old, the last surviving horse bus is to come back to the streets of London.

For years after the departure of his comrades, Grandfather, as the old bus was called, remained in commission as the property of a Kensington schoolmaster who used to take his boys for a drive to Battersea Park in it every week.

Now Grandfather has been purchased by a Lancashire man, Mr. Harry Parkinson, who is a great lover of London, and two sturdy horses will carry him round the streets again.

Grandfather will act as a guide to Old London, taking parties of visitors round the City in the morning and the West End in the afternoon, until the fading light of October makes it impossible to see the sights by daytime any more. His driver, Mr. Joseph Graham, used to be coachman to the City sheriffs, and the conductor is another Londoner who has given his heart to the grey old town.

The last time Grandfather reappeared on the streets, which was last summer, he was greeted with marked affection by the watching crowds, who doffed their hats as he passed along in token of their respect for the days which saw him doing the good service for which he is too old-fashioned now. *Picture on page 12*

THE FLYING HORSE

WHERE PEGASUS MAY BE SEEN

A Star Made Up of Three Suns GLOWING FURNACE WRAPPED IN INCANDESCENT HYDROGEN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

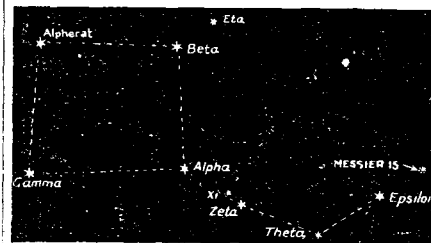
Pegasus, the Flying Horse, is now rising in the east each evening, and may be seen occupying a large area of the south-eastern sky about 9 o'clock.

This constellation is south-east of Cygnus the Swan, our star map showing its seven leading stars, all of a medium degree of brightness and readily picked out, notwithstanding the moonlight nights of next week.

It will be seen that these stars, including Alpherat in Andromeda, form a striking celestial figure, and are arranged very much as the seven stars of the Plough, only inverted and covering a much larger portion of the sky.

The square formed by Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Alpherat is so perfect that it is popularly known as the Great Square of Pegasus. It will be a prominent and familiar object in the evening sky all through the next few months.

The great helium sun Gamma in Pegasus is the nearest of these stars, its



The chief stars of Pegasus

light having taken some 40 years to reach us. It is about 2,600,000 times as far away as our Sun, and must radiate about 10 times as much light.

Next in order of distance is Epsilon. This, the brightest star in Pegasus, is seen in a powerful telescope to be composed of three suns, the two largest and nearest together being easily seen in a small telescope. The larger sun is golden and the small, eighth-magnitude one is violet.

This is the usual relative colouring of pairs of suns, when the larger one is golden, and suggests that the smaller sun, is, as would be expected, the most advanced in stellar evolution.

Epsilon has also been found to be receding from us at 366 miles a minute; at present it is about five million times as far off as our Sun, its light taking 78 years to reach us. Its bright appearance at such a distance indicates that Epsilon radiates about 50 times the light of our Sun, which thus gives us some idea of its tremendous size.

Suns Receding from the Earth

Alpha in Pegasus is still larger, radiating about 70 times the light of our Sun. It is an immense glowing furnace enveloped in incandescent hydrogen, like Sirius, six million times as far off as our Sun, and receding from us at 5.1 miles a minute; so, though its light takes 90 years to get here at present, it will in the future take longer.

Alpherat, which is really in Andromeda, is a similar type of sun, but still larger and farther off, being over twice the size of Alpha and its light taking 116 years to reach us. This sun is also receding from us, every minute taking it 168 miles farther away.

Eta in Pegasus appears to be still farther away, spectroscopic evidence indicating that it is 148 light years distant and a sun very similar to ours, radiating about 130 times as much light. It must, therefore, be at least a hundred times as large as our Sun, as it is of the G type of sun.

Beta is the wonder star of Pegasus, and will be dealt with next week. *G. F. M.*

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus is in the north-west, Saturn in the south-west, and Jupiter in the south.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 37

The Gods of the Mountain

As the crowd of men villagers came rushing toward them, dressed in skin garments with weird trimmings of white fur, Timothy glanced sideways at Ellen, to see if she were frightened.

But Ellen was smiling slightly as she shook her shining red gold hair more loosely about her face, and walked steadily onward.

"They don't look very angry to me," she said in a low voice without turning.

They noticed now that the men were coming toward them in a sort of ceremonial dance, spread out abreast in a row about thirty men across, with the old wrinkled creature—whether man or woman they could not say—leading a few feet ahead.

They advanced dancing with flexed knees, two steps to the left, two steps to the right, with complete uniformity.

"Make a good musical comedy chorus," commented Tom under his breath.

Now there sprang out from behind the line of men three women with flowing black hair and drums in their hands. The drums were stretched fawnskin over a round frame, and were played by the women with their fingers and a small cylinder that looked as if it might be made of walrus ivory.

Our party had stopped to await the villagers who approached nearer.

"Look dignified, Nell," muttered the irrepressible Tom. "It's you that have to impress them most."

"I have the most hair to do it with," returned Ellen, in the same low tone.

The boys stood with the point of their guns resting on the ground, gazing steadily at the oncoming dancers.

These stopped a few yards from our party, and stood immobile, while the little wizened personage whom Ellen supposed to be a shaman, came up and peered into her face.

There followed a question in an Eskimo dialect which Ellen only half understood.

Still keeping her dignified pose, the girl spoke to her brother in the manner of a ventriloquist.

"Chris, I think he wants to know if I'm a turnrak. I can't get it."

"He wants to know if we are the spirits of Copper Mountain. Evidently he is much in awe of them. I think you'd better not disillusion them for the moment. We'll explain later if we find them friendly."

As the question was repeated more urgently by the old Eskimo, Ellen therefore made a slight bow. The men and women behind the shaman took this for assent, and broke into a babble of surprise and pleasure.

The shaman, with pride in every gesture, gave Ellen to understand that he would be honoured to conduct her and the others back to the village.

"Chris, what language are they speaking?" asked Ellen when she had an opportunity. "I seem to get words that are the same as the natives on the shore used, but differently spoken."

"It is the same language spoken with another accent and intonation, much as the people of the interior of Ireland speak English. You'll be able to understand them nearly as well as you did the Prince Albert Sound people when you get used to it," replied Christopher.

Christopher was by far the best student of the Eskimo language among them, for he had put in many hours each day, even when on the march, learning all that his Eskimos could teach him of their language. The others had studied, too, and they were a clever family,

but the Eskimo language is difficult, and, though they had been applying themselves for nearly a year, they still understood as much from gestures and expression as from the actual words.

"We have prepared for you our biggest tent," said the old shaman, who for some reason seemed beside himself with triumph. "We have been expecting you."

All the people murmured loudly their assent to this, and looked reverently at the old shaman.

"I say, you know, maybe we've got ourselves into some sort of pickle," said Timothy. "They've evidently been on the look-out for some supernatural visitors."

Christopher and Ole also saw the serious side to this welcome.

"It's my fault for letting us get into this hole," said Christopher, watching the friendly exuberance with which the people pressed presents and services on the girl. "I had better tell them the truth before this goes any farther, don't you think so, Ole?"

The Scandinavian had been listening closely to the comments on all sides of him.

"They're making all this fuss over the old creature there because a long time ago when they were going to kill him off as no use to them, he told them that he was able to bring down the gods of Copper Mountain with blessings to the tribe," he explained. "Evidently he couldn't come through with it. I hear them all apologising for having doubted him all these months. We have come along just in time to save his life a second time, I reckon."

"In that case, is it safe to tell the people we are human?" asked Christopher.

"I can't quite decide," answered Ole. "The old gentleman will naturally hate us like poison if we do, and I'm not so sure the people will stand for that kind of blow to their hopes. Let's wait and see."

At this moment Ellen disengaged herself from the worshipping throng of women and children, and joined them.

"Chris, I don't like to think of that lie I let them believe," she said. "These are charming, child-like people. They think we are gods. It is wrong to take advantage of their credulity. Let me tell them who we really are. They'll be friendly, anyway."

She was so distressed that Ole and Christopher, who hated anything that was not quite straight as much as any people could and, besides, were worried over the possible consequences, decided to yield to her scruples.

"I think the Lady Nell is right, as usual," said Ole. "These people are friendly by nature, but if we pretend to be these gods of theirs they may call on us to do magic that is outside our line."

"Whereas, if we tell them we're only a superior sort of human, with certain tricks of our own, we can keep them interested in our legitimate 'magic'—matches and guns and so forth," added Christopher.

"What about his nubs there?" asked Tom, pointing to the old shaman, who was hovering about with a pleased smile on his wrinkled face, waiting till the august strangers should be pleased to go to their tent in the village.

"We might give him a box of matches to square him for wrecking his show," suggested Timothy. "Then he can play with our magic for the rest of his life."

"Good. I'll ask him to come over," agreed Ole.

"I'm very sorry to tell you," said Christopher, in the best Eskimo he could muster, "that there has been a misunderstanding. We are not spirits, but human beings like yourself. We come from

far to the South, where many men are as we. We are not spirits or gods, but only men."

The old face peering up at him remained blank for a moment, as if the man had been unable to grasp what Christopher had said. Then there came into it such an expression of abject terror that the boys and Ellen shivered as if a cold chill had passed over them.

"Not—" gasped the old man, and looked over his shoulder as if to see if any of the other villagers had heard the terrible words. "Oh, you must be! You must be! You must be!"

Such horror and fear were in his voice that Ellen caught at Timothy's arm.

"There's something serious here," she said.

The old man's expression changed to one of cunning that only thinly veiled the terror beneath.

"I do not understand your speech well," he said coaxingly.

"You speak strangely. You are the gods of Copper Mountain, and you bring great blessing to the tribe. This is so."

He spoke the last words loudly, with evident intention to be heard by the others, who stood a little aloof from respect.

The whole situation now became apparent to Christopher, who had been listening carefully to the murmurs of the people among themselves.

This old shaman had evidently had bad luck with his spells and incantations, and the people had decided to put him out of the way as useless, perhaps in favour of an ambitious younger man more lucky in his coincidences—for primitive magic is in the main, of course, no more than that—and more glib at explaining away the failures of his "spells" to work.

So the old man had tried to save his life, first by a desperate boast that he could bring down the gods of Copper Mountain to bless the tribe, and then, at the lucky advent of the white people, by insisting that he had done it. Perhaps he believed he had.

Christopher looked at Ole, and saw that the same sort of reasoning had been passing through his mind.

"It looks as if the old man had placed his life in our hands, Christopher," remarked Ole. "What shall we do? I'm for leaving things as they are."

"Agreed," said Christopher as, with a bow and smile, he indicated to the old man that he was graciously willing to accept his hospitality. "I'll explain it all to you later," he added to Ellen, under his breath.

And Ellen was content to leave the decision in their hands.

Packed with Joys for Girls and Boys



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SUNBEAM

Every Tuesday.

CHAPTER 38 A Caribou Hunt

ONCE inside the large tent that had been prepared for them, Christopher explained in a few words the situation.

Ellen, of course, agreed with him in the course he had taken.

"Poor old man," she mused. "It must be terrible to have to cling to life by such a frail straw as the success of such magic."

The villagers pressed in after the white party till the tent was as full as it could hold. Outside could be heard the babble and murmur of those for whom there was no room.

"Better tell them at once that they must expect no exhibitions of magic from us. Don't you think so, Ole?" said Christopher. "I'll say we are tired of performing, and that we will do nothing miraculous except what suits our whim."

"Tell them it is our off day," said Tom.

The Eskimos agreed with respectful alacrity as Christopher explained.

"All that is in this tent is yours if you wish to take it," said the old shaman. "We are your servants."

"You wish to rest," said the others. "We go!"

When, except for the shaman, they had gone, our party looked at the furnishing of the skin tent in which they found themselves. They were surprised at its comfort and cleanliness, and at the numbers of beaten copper utensils, weapons, and ornaments spread about.

"Where do you get all this copper?" asked Timothy of the old man.

"We trade with the bad people to the north of here, who live at the foot of Copper Mountain," answered the shaman. "Many caribou and oxen we give them for their copper."

Timothy shot a triumphant glance toward his brothers.

"We are going there," he said, concealing his eagerness. "We are tired of travel and wish to return. You may go with us."

The shaman did not look eager.

"They are bad people," he said. "They will kill us unless we take them many gifts of food. However," he added cheerfully, "tomorrow our men have planned an inuksuit. You will come, too, and by your magic bring many caribou. Then we can approach safely the village of the copper people."

"More magic," groaned Thomas.

"Well, our guns are magic to them," said Timothy. "We owe them something for their hospitality. Provided there are caribou in reach—and there seem to be—perhaps we can do what they wish."

"Just what is an inuksuit?" asked Ellen.

"An Eskimo caribou hunt," answered her brother. "Inuksuit means likeness of man, and is rather ingenious. It will be interesting to see them hunt that way."

Next day a large herd of caribou was sighted grazing at the head of a valley that narrowed down to a V-shape between rocks.

"Leave us here at the point of the V," said Ole to the shaman, "and we will kill as many as you drive down to us."

So, with barking dogs and shouting men, the timid caribou were encircled and driven down on the guns of our party. Nearly a hundred were killed.

The shaman was beside himself with delight.

"Enough food for a winter ready for you without the loss of a single arrow!" he cried to the awestruck villagers, puffing out his chest as if he, the shaman, were alone responsible for this wonder. "Now we have great gifts to take the Copper Mountain men. You see?" He pointed to a purple shape that the boys had taken earlier in the day for a cloud. "There is the mountain. That is where we go with gifts for the savage men who hold it!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Master Painter

IN the days of Italy's greatest glory, as a centre of art there lived three painters whose names form a splendid triumvirate of genius, and each in his sphere has remained a master and has never been superseded.

One of these, born at the close of the fifteenth century in a town from which he later took the name by which he has been known ever since, studied art under his uncle and other masters and was soon painting pictures for monasteries and churches, which have become world masterpieces and are now worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, although when they were painted the artist received so little that he had difficulty in maintaining his family.

Yet his brilliant work—rich in colouring and graceful in its outlines—was appreciated in his day, especially by the monks for whom he worked, and they honoured him in a curious way, which few if any other artists have ever experienced. They declared that they would admit him to participation in all the spiritual benefits of their community, and undertook to perform for the souls of himself and his family after death all the religious offices that they carried out for their own members.

Some of his most brilliant works were painted inside the cupolas of churches, particularly in the cupola of the Cathedral at Parma. This is octagonal in shape and nearly 39 feet in diameter, and to design pictures for the compartments diminishing as they rise was not an easy task. Yet he carried it out with consummate skill, and when the great Titian first saw these paintings he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Were I not Titian I would wish to be he," and this high opinion was shared by many other old masters.

The work took nearly seven years, yet all the artist received was the equivalent of about £400, out of which he had to pay for his colours and find the wages of his assistants.

A story is told that when he went to receive payment the canons found fault with his work, paid him only half the sum agreed upon, and even this they paid in copper coins. The burden was so heavy that he had to carry the money home on his back under a burning Italian sun for eight miles to his cottage, and the exertion killed him.

The story, however, does not seem to be well authenticated. All we know for certain is that

he died in the town where he was born and was buried in the Franciscan church there. Some of his paintings are among the treasured possessions of the National Gallery. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





May Life and Light Be Yours for Ever



DR. MERRYMAN

LITTLE Gladys had just arrived for her first day at school, and her name was being entered in the register.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, miss," replied Gladys.

"Are you the eldest of the family?"

"Oh, no," answered Gladys; "Mother and Father are both older than I am."

Hidden Cities

In each of these verses the name of a big European city is hidden. Can you find them all?

"WE'LL have a game of hide-and-seek," said Jack.

"Two things I tell you all ere we commence:

Don't go near Snap, lest he attempts to bite,
And do not hide behind the garden fence."

"Agreed!" cried all; and then we scampered fast,
And Jack came on, his hidden friends to find.

As he approached the ancient garden pump,
He saw young Amos cowering behind.

"It rains!" cried Eva. "Then," said I to Jack,

"We'll go indoors and find another game."

"Just so," said he; "it matters not a whit;
Indoors or out to me is just the same."

Indoors we went. "What shall we play?" I asked.

"Oh, blindman's-buff, or forfeits!" shouted Ted.

Then Master Thoroughgood essayed to speak:

"Let's have a game of school, my friends," he said.

Answers next week

The Husband who was Not a Scout

PASSENGER, about to descend from motor-bus: "This is an intolerably bad service, conductor!"

Conductor: "What is the trouble, sir; couldn't you find a seat?"

Departing Passenger: "Oh, certainly, I found a seat for myself, and that Boy Scout there got up for my sister, but my wife had to stand all the way!"

Contradictory Proverbs



Fair feathers make fair fowls



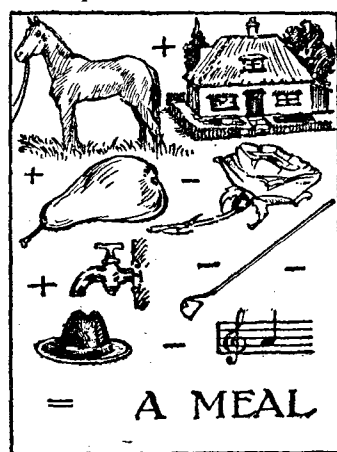
There is many a fair thing full false

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Sum-Thing Wrong

QUOTH an Octopus under the sea:
"Adding-up is a worry to me.
People commonly state
That of arms I have eight—
If I've ten-tacles, how can that be?"

Alphabet and Arithmetic



When the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added and subtracted the remaining letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of a meal.

Solution next week

How deep is the sea?

A stone's throw.

Is Your Name Quartermaine?

THIS surname, according to Dr. Ernest Weekley, the great authority on nomenclature, is derived from quatre mains, or four hands, and was perhaps originally bestowed on a very acquisitive person as a kind of nickname. Quatre-buches and Tuneques were similar surnames in the 12th century, one meaning four mouths and the other two necks.

New Mother Hubbard

Here is an old nursery rhyme written in the style of a cross-word puzzle:

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the receptacle for nourishment
To get her poor dog an osseous titbit.

When she got there the cupboard was entirely denuded of its contents,
And so the poor doggie got the opposite of any.

Never the Time to Mend

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Serbia was hunting when a storm came on, such a storm as we rarely have in Western Europe, and the prince had to take refuge in a peasant's hut. The peasant was but a poor man, the hut was a miserable shed, and the rain poured through the roof.

"Why don't you repair the roof of your house, my brave man?" asked the prince, making himself quite small in the only dry corner of the shed.

"Repair my roof in such weather!" growled the man; "you are mad, sir."

"I don't mean just now, of course," replied the prince, amused, "but when it is fine."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "But what is the use of mending a roof if the weather is fine?" he said.

WHAT weapon does the Earth most closely resemble? A revolver.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

A Puzzle Picnic Basket

Cocoa, greens, radishes, tarts, custard, salad, pickles.

What Am I? Candlestick

Jacko Buys a Tortoise

JACKO was wild when his mother would not let him keep rabbits, his latest craze.

"I think it is cruel keeping them in a hutch," she said. "They want plenty of space to run about in."

Jacko said they *would* have plenty of space to run about in. His idea was to put wire netting all round the garden, and let the rabbits run wild!

"There's plenty for them to eat," he said.

"Eat, indeed!" cried his mother. "There won't be a thing left in the garden!"

She was even quite nervous when Jacko suggested having a tortoise instead; but when he assured her that they only ate dandelion heads, she sighed and said that she supposed it would be all right.

"A tortoise can't reach up to the roses, anyway," she added. "I won't have *them* spoiled."

Jacko didn't wait to hear any more. He rushed off to buy the tortoise before his mother had time to change her mind.

It didn't take long to find the man who sold tortoises. He picked out what he called "a real beauty," and packed it carefully in a basket with plenty of dock leaves over it.

"That'll give it a comfortable journey," he said kindly.

Jacko carried the basket home very carefully, without swinging it in his usual fashion. He rushed into the house to show Mrs. Jacko his new pet—and the very first thing he saw was a



The man picked out what he called "a real beauty."

basket exactly like his, also carefully covered with dock leaves. "Coo! Looks as if the mater has got me a tortoise too," he said with a grin.

Just then he heard Mrs. Jacko calling him, and, as he didn't want to spoil the surprise he felt sure she was going to give him, he crept out of the house again, and ran back to the man who sold the tortoises.

The man wasn't at all keen on taking the tortoise back, but he said "he'd oblige" Jacko this once.

"Though if everybody did business like this I'd soon have to shut up shop," he added sourly.

But Jacko didn't stop to listen to him. The moment he got his money back he rushed off to spend it on something else. And, after he had bought all the sweets he could eat, he ran home, expecting Mrs. Jacko to give him the tortoise.

Mrs. Jacko certainly gave him the basket the moment he got in the house.

"I've been waiting for you. Wherever have you been?" she said. "I want these currants taken round to Belinda to make jam with."

Jacko had never had such a surprise in his life.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925	1924
London	6818	6844
Glasgow	2061	1964
Liverpool	1757	1598
Birmingham	1507	1539
Edinburgh	698	715
Plymouth	336	310
Swansea	243	258
Wigan	144	129
York	108	115
Darlington	99	140
Gloucester	89	67
Canterbury	29	44

The four weeks are up to Aug. 1, 1925.

Ici on Parle Français



La mandoline La taupe Le melon
Savez-vous jouer de la mandoline?
Les taupes vivent sous la terre
Attendez que le melon soit mûr



Le collier L'hyène Le filet
Le premier prix est un beau collier
L'hyène attaque rarement l'homme
Les filets se composent de mailles

Tales Before Bedtime

The Guest

ONE summer morning Tony woke up and was very surprised to see a bird standing on his window-sill.

It was a big bird, and its eyes were closed, and its grey feathers were all ruffled and dragged. Tony clapped his hands, but the bird did not move a feather. It seemed so sad and sorry for itself that Tony ran to fetch Daddy.

"Why, it's a pigeon—and a very handsome one, too," said Daddy.

"But why is it so miserable?" asked Tony.

"Because it's a homing pigeon. That means that however far you take it from its own pigeon-cote it will find its way home again; and the birds that fly home the quickest are the most valuable. It must be going home now, and the storm last night has tired it out, so it has called in here for a rest."

Tony was glad to hear this, and he hoped the guest would stay "for always."

It really seemed to be enjoying itself after it had had a night's rest in the old hen-house, and a good feed of grain. The next day it went for a fly, and Tony was afraid it had gone: but it came back very soon and perched on his shoulder.

It stayed for a week, and then the policeman saw it, and told Daddy how he could find out its owner by the number



It was a big bird

marked on the ring it wore on its leg.

Very early next morning the pigeon flew up to Tony's window again and cooed softly, and then it flew away and never came back again.

"Well, it's a good homing pigeon," said Daddy, when he had a letter from the pigeon's owner saying it had arrived home safely. "A bird that stayed after it was rested wouldn't be worth owning."

"And it was a good guest," said Tony, "because it came up to my window before it left and said Good-bye and Thank you so politely."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

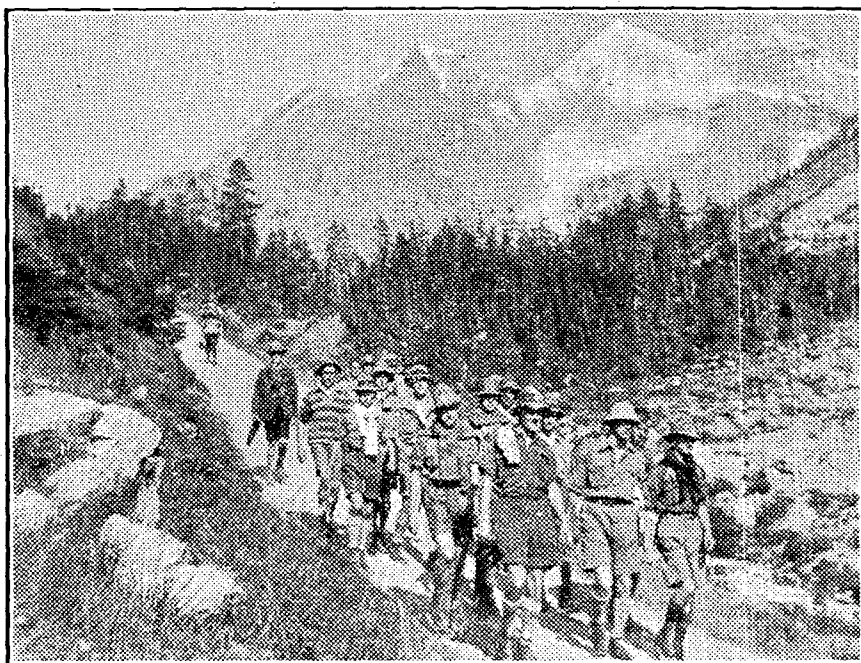
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August 29, 1925

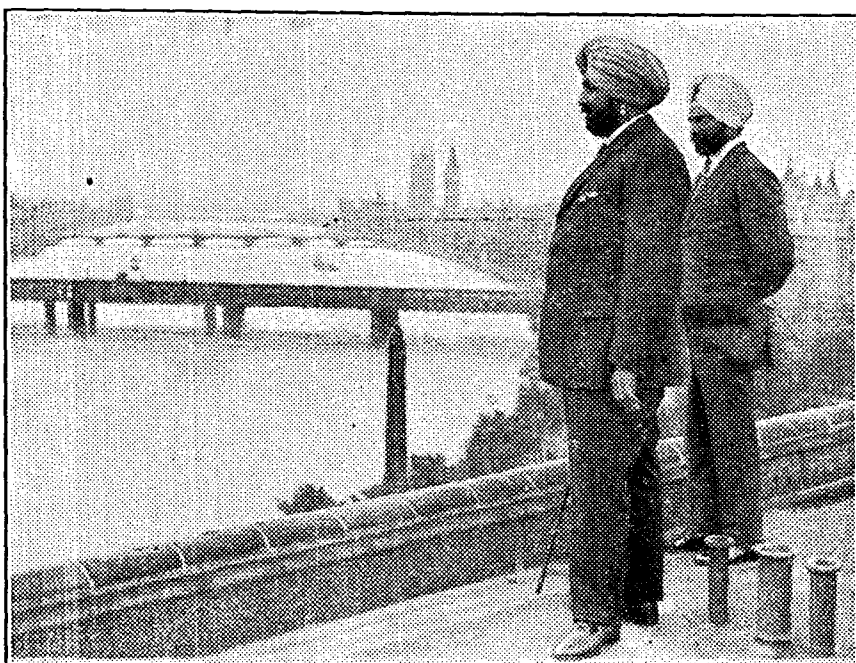
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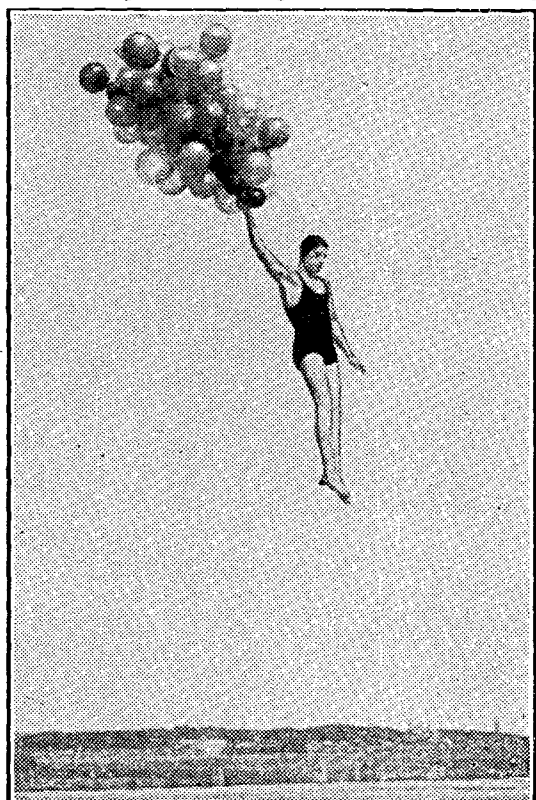
ENGLISH SCOUTS IN THE ALPS · THE EXPRESS TANK · GRANDFATHER'S BUS



English Scouts Go Mountaineering—Twenty London Boy Scouts have been spending a fortnight among the Swiss Alps with a skilled mountain climber, and here we see them training at Kandersteg before climbing the Breithorn, where they were caught in a severe blizzard



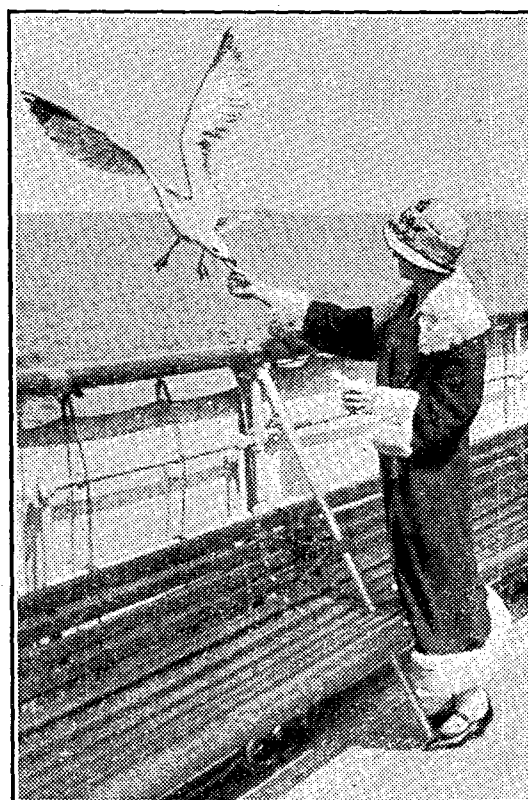
An Eastern Ruler Comes West—In this picture we see the Maharajah of Patiala, who has come to London on a political mission, with his secretary, enjoying the view over the Thames from the roof of their hotel. The Houses of Parliament can be seen in the distance



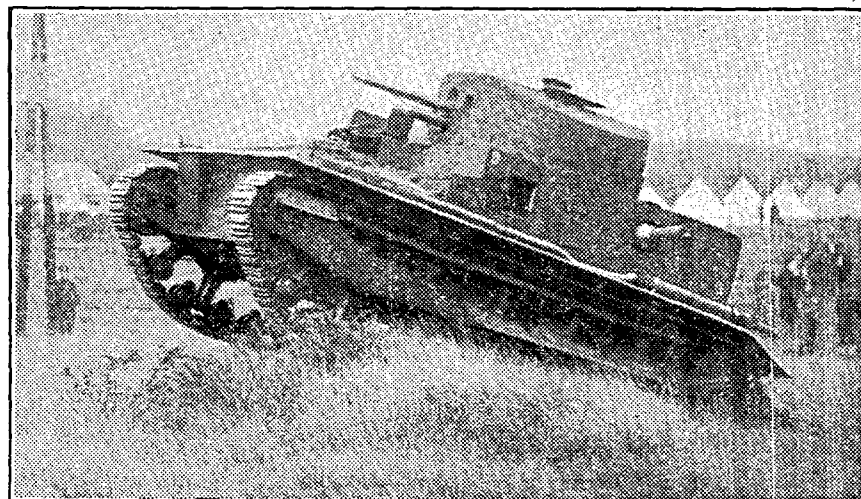
A Deceiving Photograph—This competitor at a Jersey Swimming Club gala is not being carried away by his balloons, but is jumping down, taking them with him



A Rest Under Cleopatra's Needle—After a strenuous day's play, these little people are resting between the paws of one of the Sphinxes of Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment



Caught in the Act—A gull that swooped down on an Isle of Man steamer and snapped up a tit-bit offered by one of the passengers, was cleverly photographed in the act



A Tank as Fast as a Train—Here is one of the new Army tanks, which have 82-horse-power engines and can skim over the ground at the enormous speed of 35 miles an hour—as fast as some trains. This one, which carries five men, is giving a demonstration near Aldershot



Grandfather's Bus—This horse bus, driven by one of the old-time drivers, has been brought from its retreat and is now used to take visitors through the streets to see the sights of London. It looks very smart in spite of its age, and attracts much attention. See page 9

SIGHTS THAT TIME HAS SEEN IN NORMANDY—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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